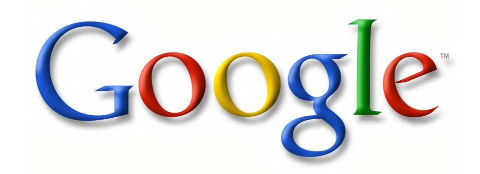
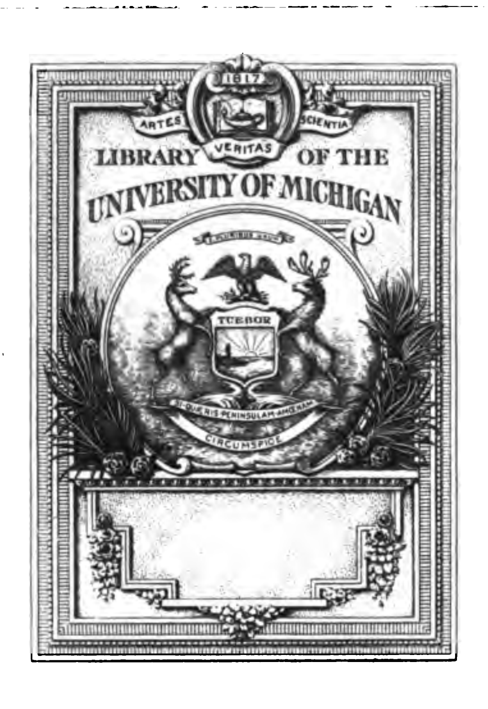



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THEODORE LESCHETIZKY

Where words grow
silent, music
sets in and rises
to heavenly heights.

Carmen Sylva



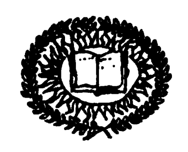
Theodore Leschetizky.

THEODORE LESCHETIZKY

AN INTIMATE STUDY OF THE MAN AND THE MUSICIAN

BY
COMTESSE ANGÈLE POTOCKA

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH
BY GENEVIÈVE SEYMOUR LINCOLN



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À SA MAJESTÉ
LA REINE ELIZABETH DE ROUMANIE
HOMMAGE DE PROFOND RESPECT
ET D'ADMIRATION
DE LA PART DE L'AUTEUR

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

ISCHL has always been dear to Theodore Leschetizky's heart. Every sum mer, for forty-two years, he has returned to this smiling valley, nestling amid snow-crowned mountains, so beautiful, and for him so full of memories. During our long, delightful walks together, it has been my privilege to hear many charming episodes of the great artist's life, many a little anecdote, forcibly brought back to his mind by the sight of old familiar spots, and related with characteristic clearness of thought and expression, as though they had occurred but yesterday. Passing before a small, handsome old house on the Frauengasse, he smiles sadly and says: "How long ago it all happened! This is where they brought me to play for Marie Louise." He shows me the place where his parents lived; then, pointing to a distant hillock

bathed in sunset glory, he recalls the childish games played on its grassy slopes. And as we drink in together the loveliness of the scene, a great sense of this old man's usefulness, of the part he has played in life, steals over me.

Leschetizky was writing, at the time, a series of twelve piano pieces entitled "Scenes of My Youth." It occurred to me that what he set down in music I might put down as memoirs. When one has a distinguished brother-in-law whose name has sounded through the whole musical world, one naturally desires to talk of him a little, especially as so much has been recklessly reported with so little foundation in fact.

My readers will see that I have not entered into psychological disquisitions, so much in vogue with some authors at present. I have endeavored merely to state facts as they are, to note the daily incidents making up a life through which, in my estimation, the best character study can be made. It has been my object to portray a many-sided nature truthfully,

to delineate its virtues, and also its faults. My long years' friendship with Leschetizky, and the acquaintance existing for generations between my husband's family and his, have combined to place me in a most favorable position for introducing to a larger world the master's personality, so lovable in spite of many foibles. The possession of his diary has greatly facilitated my task. From it I have drawn the necessary facts and dates; and this present volume may, I trust, find value in the reader's eyes as an authentic account of a celebrated man's life, written from intimate knowledge, and given, in great part, in his own words.

Cesse Angèle Potocka

ISCHL, September, 1901.

OLSZYNY,

7 April, 1903.

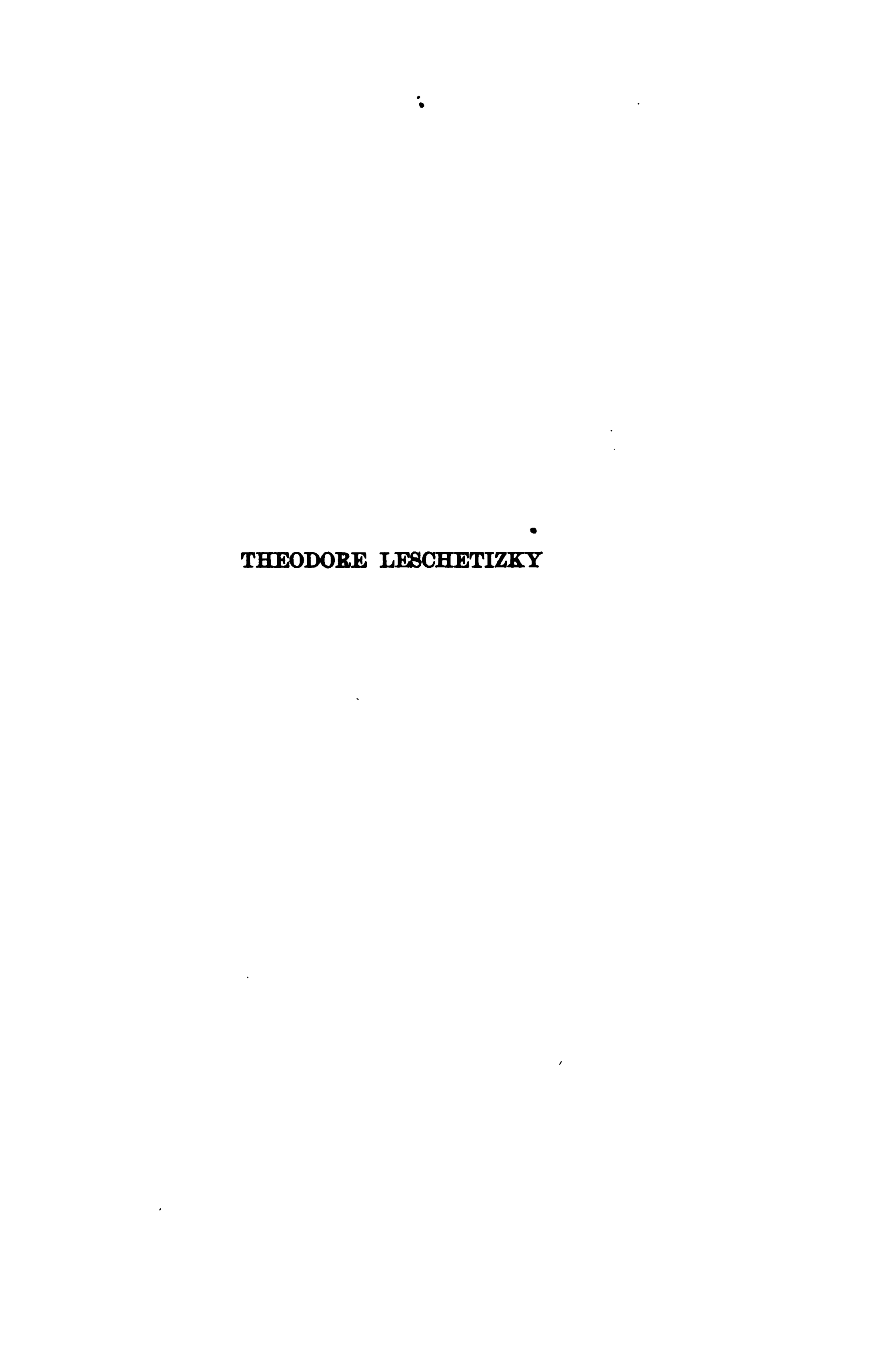
Dear Miss Lincoln:

I certify that the translation of my book, "Theodore Leschetizky," has been done at Olszyny, in our home in Galicia, and that the very last evening of the seven weeks that you were here, you read to me what you had translated, and I had my own manuscript in the hand and controlled all over. You remember, dear Miss Lincoln, how you sat on the little low chair close to me and had to read slowly what you had written, and I acknowledged that everything was precise and true, and just the same as in my manuscript.

You may dispose of the work as we have settled between us; that means, do things at your own convenience. I trust in your abilities.

With many embraces, sincerely yours,

CTSSE. ANGÈLE POTOCKA.



THEODORE LESCHETIZKY

THEODORE LESCHETIZKY

CHAPTER I

The Potocki palace at Lancut—Josef Leschetizky appointed music-master to the young countesses—His marriage and the birth of Theodore—Early recollections—His musical début at the age of five—Dorcio's love for the head steward and the gruesome legends he told.

THEODORE LESZETYCKI (or Leschetizky, as the name is now spelled)[1] was born on June 22, 1830, near Lemberg, Poland, on an estate belonging to a younger branch of the Potocki family. Like some great lion couchant, jealously mounting guard over his domain, the castle of Lancut spreads its massive length on a richly timbered plain. Besides the private seigniorial apartments, the buildings include a picture-gallery, a

[1] To make its correct pronunciation more evident to foreigners.

theater, and nearly two hundred guest-chambers, magnificently decorated and luxuriously furnished; bearing witness to the liberality of its hospitable owners, whose vast wealth, seconding hereditary taste, has made Lancut a veritable treasure-house, rich in antique porcelains, bronzes, and other works of art. Like all our great Polish families, the Potocki have jealously guarded the chronicles and traditions of their race, setting forth the part they have played in the tragic history of our beloved and once—yes, still—glorious land.

The present is full of sadness for our country—the future is with God! and we have the past to look back upon—the past, so full of inspiration even in its most sorrowful moments. Whenever two or more Poles meet, the conversation is sure to turn on the one subject vital alike to high-born lord and lowly peasant—the point where all social distinctions disappear; and we weep together over the fatal mistake by which the weak and beautiful Poniatowski, sent to Russia as a mere envoy,

came back to us as king, the first step toward Poland's downfall. The treachery of Catherine II, her unscrupulous use of her handsome tool; Frederick II's ready acquiescence, and Maria Theresa's enforced consent to Russia's infamous plan are known to all. The "Victim of Christendom" was forced to accept her cruel destiny, the white eagle bent his noble head, François de Sales Potocki gave up his hopes of wearing a kingly crown, and Poland, torn and divided by her victorious assailants, lost her political identity.

The Potocki retired to their vast estates, where they continued to live like monarchs, with almost absolute power.

In the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Count Alfred Potocki and his noble, somewhat haughty spouse (*née* Princess Czartoryska) made their chief residence at the Castle of Lancut. Here they were surrounded by their children—a highly gifted son, Alfred, and two daughters, Julie and Sophie—and a large household, which, besides numberless servants and retainers of lesser degree, comprised li-

brarians, readers, governesses, and masters for different branches of art and science, and among them the celebrated aquarellist, Willibald Richter, and other distinguished men, whose society made a sojourn at Lancut as charming as it was improving. Moreover, every variety of outdoor amusement was provided for the inmates of the castle, horseback-riding, hunting, and picnicking following one another in gay succession. Count Alfred gave great personal care and attention to the education of his children; and believing that his daughters had attained an age when their musical studies required the guidance of an expert teacher, he applied to the great pedagogue Karl Czerny, requesting him to send one of his best pupils as music-master to the young countesses. Czerny recommended Leschetizky, strongly advising the latter to accept the situation, at least for the summer. Josef Leschetizky, father of Theodore Leschetizky, was born in Nestolitz, Bohemia, on March 19, 1801. A musician by natural gifts and inclination, he had studied law with the intention

of following it as a profession, believing it more substantial and remunerative. Music might perhaps have played a secondary part in Josef Leschetizky's life, had it not been that at the time of Count Alfred's proposition, considerations of a very different nature came to counterbalance those suggested by worldly prudence, appealing to him with such force that the sterner advantages of a legal career were unheeded. For, in the close vicinity of Lancut resided a lady whose charms had played havoc with the young man's affections and resolves. Thérèse von Ullmann was one of those peculiarly fascinating women who, in early youth, seem made to draw men giddily on to the brink of despair; but who later prove that they have in reality led them safely to a haven of rest, where their gentle, unobtrusive ministrations of physical comfort and enlightened advice are the source and chief element of content in the home, and their happiness seems to touch all who have the good fortune to come even remotely within their influence. The Ullmanns, notwith-

standing their German name, are true Poles, established for centuries in Galicia, where they bear titles of nobility in recognition of their signal services as first importers of the Spanish sheep (merino) into Poland. The Potocki encouraged the union between Leschetizky and the handsome Thérèse; the young couple were married at Lancut, and established in a wing of the castle. Of the first three years of Theodore Leschetizky's life I have found no chronicle; but his memory takes up the thread before his fourth year. "I was only three years old when my sensitiveness to musical impressions became evident. My favorite playgrounds were the grass or gravel walks immediately under the windows of the rooms where the music-lessons and practising went on. I soon learned to distinguish between the playing of the two young countesses. I preferred listening to the elder, Julie, who was more diligent than her sister. She played selections from the works then in vogue, especially transcriptions and fantasies by Thalberg from the then very pop-

ular Bellini operas. When I was taken into the house, my little brain swarming with these melodies, I experienced a wild, tormenting desire to reproduce them. This, however, was a difficult matter, as my father, fearing that I might be tempted to pound on it, regularly locked the piano when not in use, and carried away the key. The instrument was an old-fashioned upright clavecin, and I discovered that by drawing the green silk curtains that protected the lower mechanism, I could work the hammers from below and make the strings respond. Seated on the floor under the keyboard, I thus made my début and earned my first applause; for my mother's heart was filled with joy at recognizing the airs that her little 'Dorcio' soon learned to pick out in this novel fashion. Seeing my eagerness, she finally persuaded my father to give me lessons. I was then about five years old, and my progress was so rapid that my father decided to bring me out, and I made my entrée in the drawing-rooms of the best families of the neighborhood."

Among Leschetizky's earliest definite recollections is his friendship for Count Alfred's head steward, on whom rested the chief responsibility for the estate's management—Pan Stechlinski, a man of exalted patriotism, absolute integrity, and wide capacity. "I loved him," says Theodore, "for his kind heart, his jovial laugh, his clear blue eyes, his sunburnt face, his blond, martial mustache, and that peculiar magnetism by which some men reach the innermost recesses of child nature.

"Stechlinski was a frequent visitor of ours, spending the long winter evenings in our comfortable quarters at Lancut, where by the bright lamplight near the cheery log fire he would relate many an incident from the history of Poland, in which he was well versed, dwelling with special emphasis on all that bore relation to the ancient house of Potocki, of which he could never say enough: of the splendid marriages with the different royal families of Europe; of the six Potocki who held office as Hetman Wielko kovonny;[1] of their

[1] Supreme duke, or leader — a military title.

wealth and influence; of the numerous churches and monasteries bearing the arms of these munificent founders. Then, in a full, rich voice, Stechlinski would intone some current folk-song (in which I would instinctively join), and sing of the prowess of the Potocki in wars to which they led their private armies against Turks and Swedes; of their high deeds of valor, of which pictures and popular prints, still seen on the walls of the humblest cottage, as on those of the richest palace, testify to the national pride in the Potocki name. And as the night wore on the genial story-teller would launch into weird family tales to which a regal state lent magic color, and where cruelty and tyranny played their gruesome part. One story has remained deeply graven on my mind—that of the stern François de Sales Potocki, surnamed King of Little Russia: at whose court a severer than royal etiquette prevailed; whose household included representatives of the most aristocratic families of the provinces, glad to serve so great a lord, even to pouring out his wine at table; who

never entered or left his own park without the blare of trumpets; and whose dire cruelty to his daughter-in-law is a blot on the history of the race. His son loved a lady of the neighborhood, noble, but beneath a Potocki's ambition. The haughty magnate discovered the secret marriage; he ordered the young woman to be seized in the dead of night and borne off to a convent. His sinister innuendo, that her condition on reaching her destination was a matter of no consequence, was understood. The unfortunate Countess Gertrude, smothered with her own bedding, was wrapped in a green silk petticoat and thrown into a pond. The spring thaws revealed the tragedy. And so on, many a blood-curdling tale!

"Then, seeing that his stories were making too painful an impression on my sensitive young mind, Stechlinski would turn to pictures of customs; telling us of the stately Wojewoda:[1] who would condescend to accept no gentleman's hand to assist her in getting out of her carriage, but deigned

[1] Wife of the governor of a province — a civil title.

to support her elbow on his closed fist; who exercised such vigilance over her maids of honor that she kept two dwarfs to spy on their conduct. I can remember conceiving a deep disgust for these tiny servitors, lodging in a pasteboard house in one of the rooms of the palace, and slipping noiselessly about in a dainty police uniform. Eavesdropping was their chief occupation, and they reported the slightest coquettish indiscretion to their mistress, who did not hesitate to subject the fair offenders to the humiliating chastisement of the rod." Pan Stechlinski's audience in the simple home circle listened intently while the hours flew by, and Dorcio's bedtime was usually long past before he could be persuaded to say good night and retire; and when his fond mother came to see if he were asleep, the warm little arms would be about her neck, and in her ear a whispered question as to the probable destiny of such wicked, powerful tyrants.

Sometimes, in the absence of the family, Stechlinski would take the boy to the armory, explaining the use of the different

weapons, even affording him the occasional exquisite delight of handling a blade and adventurously thrusting its point through the meshes of a suit of armor, standing upright and forbidding near the door. Dory (as his father called him) bestowed on Stechlinski his heart's love and his mind's appreciation, following delightedly wherever he was led. And the picture-gallery, with its long line of family portraits, the stern warriors in all the panoply of war, the proud ladies with the outlandish head-dresses and wonderful flowered damask costumes! The boy's dreams were full of these: the ill-starred Komorowska, whose melancholy story he knew by heart, and whose midnight assassination filled his uncompromising young righteousness with a thirst for revenge; the magnificent Sophie Célice,[1] the wonderful Greek, the shoemaker's daughter risen to the state of Countess Potocka, whose loveliness, inspiring a noted painter, has been

[1] A slave, bought on the market by Witte, a Russian general, her first husband. It has been asserted that her second husband, Count Potocki, won her from Witte at cards.



Front view of the Castle of Lancut, where Leschetizky was born.

produced and reproduced till her great childlike eyes look down on thousands of homes in both hemispheres.

The impressions received in the seigniorial surroundings of Lancut, where traditions and legends had become a part of daily life, have left their mark on Leschetizky's mind and have affected his entire personality; and to them may in part be traced the formation of that spirit of the past without which no modern artist can lay claim to catholicity of thought or feeling. Wandering silently about the majestic pile, listening eagerly to scattered bits of romance and chivalry, and on slender foundations of fact rearing marvelous edifices of fancy, the dreamy child was unconsciously evolving the musician and the man.

In the meantime the count's daughters were growing up and the family began to spend the winters in Vienna. "We lived," says Leschetizky, "in an old house on the Dreihubergasse, No. 13. Among our intimates were a certain Bourger family, and frequently my father and mother took me

along when they went to spend an evening with these charming people. After supper, served in Viennese fashion at eight o'clock, the grown folk sat down to interminable games at cards. I had a fast friend in Herr Bourger's mother, a dear old lady with a sweet round face framed in gray curls. She wore spectacles, and a cap trimmed with lace. I well remember that room with the light, ruffled draperies, so different from those of to-day, and the great old-fashioned clock. Before settling down to his game, the master of the house sometimes brought me a collection of handsome colored engravings; and, seated on the carpet, I examined them with the keenest interest. Though usually half asleep in the depths of her arm-chair, Mme. Bourger took pleasure in answering my questions. Some of the pictures fastened themselves on my imagination: the sailing of Christopher Columbus, the priests blessing the flotilla; then an ocean scene with a far-away faint shore-line—America, the old lady told me; the 'Massacre of St. Bartholomew,' and as Mme.

Bourger explained that it was the Catholic party persecuting the Protestant, I cried out, 'Why, they are still at it!' a remark which, from my childish lips, seemed to astonish every one. Another picture impressed me deeply—the portrait of Charles I of England, who was decapitated by Cromwell (as I can remember afterward relating to a youthful companion) 'for having been naughty.'" But as the evening wore on the pictures became fainter; the child fell asleep, his head on the open pages of the big book. And so his parents usually found him when, the love of the game temporarily satiated, they rose to get ready for the home journey.

Dreihubergasse was not then within the city limits: there were no electric cars or rapid transit of any kind; and from the Bourger residence it was a long, cold walk for the tiny boy, waked from his warm nap before the bright fire and uncomfortably bundled up in his wraps; a weary way, the wind whistling in the trees, the six-year-old lad silent and unconsciously nes-

tling up to his mother as they passed a stretch of tall grass and bushes toward which he gazed fearful, yet curious, of the fantastic shapes sure to loom up in the uncertain light.

CHAPTER II

Summers spent in Galicia — Humors of post-traveling — Mme. Leschetizka's hats and the polite brigands — Easter season at Lancut — "Great doings" in the castle kitchens — The trained Lithuanian bear and his domestic duties — Leschetizky's regard for Jews — He reads Goethe and Schiller at seven — Paternal tyranny — His first love — Prince Metternich's supper.

THE summer months were spent in Galicia. Leschetizky says: "Before leaving Vienna, my parents usually hired a large carriage called a *berlina;* and in that we traveled, our luggage strapped on at the back of the conveyance. We journeyed by day, resting at night in the inns along the road. The trip lasted from ten to fifteen days."

These journeys have remained a charming memory in Leschetizky's mind. No doubt the excitement of changing horses at the different stations, the pleasure of

unloading the well-stocked provision-baskets and picnicking in the carriage, assumed the importance of events in the vivid imagination of the child, with young nerves superior to fatigue. As a matter of fact, post traveling, still existing in parts of Russia, offers many advantages over the swifter but more prosaic railroad travel. To enter an express-train and arrive at one's destination without having had the pleasure of looking forward to a series of unforeseen incidents, may be more in harmony with a business age, but certainly lacks the flavor of the sometimes very adventurous traveling of the past. Moreover, the necessity of stopping overnight in wayside hostelries is of great value to any one wishing to study the divers aspects of rural life.

Viewed from the standpoint of strict cleanliness, the *karczma* (Galician inn) cannot be held up as a model. The tired traveler, however, manages to sleep better than certain livelier occupants of his bed. Mine host is frequently a Jew. He waits on his guests himself, and spares no pains

to make their sojourn under his roof endurable. He has not many rooms to dispose of—two or three at most. The curtains lay certain claims to elegance and are apparently fresh, the walls relatively clean, the floors less so; and though the Jew at first insists that the sheets and pillow-slips are fresh from the laundering, he may be brought to admit, if confronted with accusatory creases, that a colonel—only one—has, indeed, slept on them. Above the bed hangs a tapestry from which nightmare-inducing lions and tigers, with wide-open jaws, stare down on their victim. A traveler's dressing-case is by no means a luxury, a number of indispensable toilet articles being frequently wanting at the inn. A wash-bowl is furnished; but the ewer is omitted—one decanter of water being considered quite sufficient for all bathing purposes. According to Leschetizky's testimony, stopping in hamlets of no geographical importance, where one could get lodging in a cabin, was, on the whole, quite as comfortable. Of this he says: "In the morning, after a good night's

rest in the coarse sheets amid a pile of soft pillows, I loved to lie lazily awake, watching the warm sunlight dancing through the small windows on the flower-pots, of various shapes and sizes, picturesquely grouped on the sill. The road, where ducks and pigs disputed territorial rights and the privileges of the murky pool of water before the door, was also of absorbing interest. A knock preceded the entrance of the rosy-faced peasant girl, who, after kissing my mother's hand, begged for orders relative to breakfast. The arrival of the hissing samovar hastened my rising and dressing operations, my prospects brightening as I saw my mother, after making the tea, bring from her capacious basket an assortment of comforting viands, which she daintily spread on a white napkin near the smoking urn. An hour later we were rolling on the well-kept pike toward the next station."

The disadvantages of post-traveling are amusingly illustrated by one of Leschetizky's anecdotes: "We were halting; the driver, all excitement, appeared before us,

breathlessly announcing that our luggage was stolen—the ropes had been cut and everything taken. My poor mother was in despair. What should she wear during the summer? And her beautiful hats, of which she was so proud! Everything lost! We were only a short distance from Brünn, so drove there immediately to notify the police, attributing the theft to a party of Gipsies whom we had met on the road. Our complaint filed, we consoled ourselves as best we could and made a brave effort to forget the whole thing."

But they had not heard the last of it, as the sequel will show. The property of Mme. Leschetizka's father adjoined Lancut, and the visits to Przeworsk, with attendant rides on his grandfather's horses and ponies, were chief among Dorcio's summer pleasures. The old man and the boy were united by bonds of the liveliest sympathy; they mutually respected and confided in each other. I can see the little lad, perched on a very high horse, his small legs stretched out over the animal's broad back,—precariously so for juvenile

dignity,—his soul exulting in the contemplation of green pastures and rich wheat-fields, with a certain lordly sense of owner-, or at least partnership, his mind bent on agricultural questions as propounded by his grandsire, striving to understand and especially to have it evidenced that he understood; for Dory has always been somewhat his own hero, always willing to enlist worshipers, and at Przeworsk he was sure to find a delighted audience and spontaneous applause.

Alas! those golden summer days! They flew by all too quickly, and little Dorcio's first heartbreak was soon to come. One night he woke suddenly from a sound sleep, calling out with a great weight on his heart: "You know, mama, grandfather is dead!" Mme. Leschetizka, supposing that her boy was merely the victim of a nightmare, took him in her arms, and tenderly caressed him, till she succeeded in soothing him to sleep. But the nightmare proved to have been a presentiment. Early next morning a servant from the Ullmann residence brought the

news of his master's sudden death. The old man had expired during the night. That summer was a dreary one for all, Mme. Leschetizka inconsolable and in deep mourning.

But to return to the stolen-finery story, and in Leschetizky's words: "In the fall, after our return to Vienna, we received an official summons, citing my father, mother, and the maid to appear in court. I was left alone at home, my mother having warned me to be a good boy in her absence and attentive to all her recommendations, especially as to keeping the doors closed. I have never known how long my parents were absent, but, at any rate, when they returned they rang without obtaining an answer. They rang again and loudly; still no response. The door was tightly locked and apparently bolted on the inside. Much agitated, my mother sent for a locksmith; but when he arrived he declared that the key was evidently on the other side of the lock and that nothing could be done. Some one proposed fetching a ladder and climbing into the apart-

ment from one of the windows giving on to the inner court. Alas! I had been too prudent—the windows also were locked. Nothing remained but to break a pane and draw back the bolt, thus giving ingress to the whole party. They found me lying on the sofa. They called, but could not rouse me. My mother, now fully convinced that I was dead, gave up to despair; but my father bent his energies toward reviving me. Under his vigorous treatment, the chief feature of which, no doubt, was a good shaking, I woke from my strangely sound sleep, opened my eyes and rubbed them, without in the least realizing what had occurred. My parents embraced me, and soon we were all enjoying a good laugh over a spirited account of the ingenious method of effecting an entrance. I learned that the Gipsies were, as we had surmised, the guilty parties, and that some of our luggage had been recovered. The thieves had indeed shown a certain consideration, carrying off only what they cared to use themselves. My mother's hats they had courteously left behind, safely

buried in the woods—but without the formality of boxes! You may imagine what a state they were in." Theodore still laughs heartily at the recollection of the long faces he saw on that occasion.

Among the many other recollections of Lancut, my brother-in-law has frequently described the preparations that were always made for Easter. "I well recollect the great goings on in the castle kitchens and in my mother's. It is customary in Poland, at Easter-time, to bake different kinds of delicious cakes, such as *baba*, *placki*, *mazurki* (a national cake made of nuts and fruits), and also a quantity of marchpane. The table, groaning under the weight of cold meats, ham, a boar's head stuffed and beribboned, wines, liqueurs, and confectionery, is beautifully set, and trimmed with brightly colored eggs and flowers. When all is ready, the priest comes and blesses the whole. At that time neighborly calls are exchanged; indeed, a number of persons who ordinarily do not call—physicians, notaries, employees, and others, provided they be known at all—are

then received. A visitor has scarcely arrived when he is conducted to the well-furnished board, and a hard-boiled egg is broken into four parts, and eaten as a symbol of peace. Then the master and mistress of the house offer their guest, and themselves partake of, other dishes to express good will. In Russia it was customary for all, men and women alike, to embrace, saying, 'Jesus is risen.' But now the salutation is pronounced without the kiss, which has fallen into desuetude except with the middle and lower classes. After that every one eats as much as he can of everything. Usually a number of these calls are made in a day; and, as it is considered discourteous to refuse refreshment in any house, many persons suffer severely from indigestion after a few days, and are reduced to an invalid diet. Nevertheless, every one rejoices and every housekeeper takes great pride in her 'blessed spread' (called *Bénit*, on account of the priest's benediction), and gives up her time to the preparation of the festival."

Speaking of these preparations, a very

active member of some Russian and Polish households might be mentioned: I mean the trained Lithuanian bear, who at Easter and at all busy times distinguishes himself in the culinary department. Everybody has a hand in his education; but he is an apt pupil and assimilates all theories. Under the cook's instruction, he learns to handle the mortar, pounding sugar, nuts, and almonds to satisfactory fineness. Seated on a chair near the kitchen table, he fulfils this duty with an earnestness and stolid philosophy amusing to witness: nor are his depredations of sufficient importance to warrant his dismissal from service. He may indeed forget his fortitude in presence of a tumblerful of cognac intended for flavoring a pudding; but he is, in the main, considerate, for he takes it down at a gulp and does not break the glass. He turns the spit, incidentally burning his paws; for in this case he is again not always absolute master of himself and cannot resist an occasional reaching after the delicious dripping fat. The house watchman teaches him the use of the double

wood-saw, and he manages his end of the tool as skilfully as a man. Recognizing the dignity of labor, he stands erect while working, and, with a stout yoke from which hang two buckets over his shoulders, proves a conscientious and efficient water-carrier. On wash-days he bears away the soapsuds and brings fresh water from the river or spring, balancing his weights by the use of his paws and never mistaking one pail for the other. If a small boy succumb to the temptation of throwing pebbles or dirt into his fresh-water supply, Bruin growlingly empties it, but always refills it patiently, till he succeeds in bringing a clear bucketful to the house. He carries billets of wood for the fires, accepts any burden put upon him, and, when he has faithfully performed his allotted tasks, goes quietly off and sits down on the kitchen steps to await further orders, and the dainty titbits that his good conduct has led him to hope will supplement his ordinary feed of oats and gruel. Show him a rope, he understands that he must to the woodpile; his yoke, and he is prepared to

start for the water's edge. Esteemed for his intelligence, he is also respected for his strength, especially by the knee-breech-wearing youngsters, who know full well that pranks at the expense of their hairy friend are best indulged in from a safe distance. If well treated by the children he gratefully reciprocates with clumsy demonstrations of affection; while for dogs he has only contempt, his occasional playful condescensions being received with distrust by the canine contingent of the household.

But I have interrupted Leschetizky's account of his Easters at Lancut. "It was vacation-time for the children, who were alway delighted to assist in the kitchen, peeling and grating almonds, shelling nuts, whipping cream, etc. The work was carried on with the greatest zeal and energy, the delightful prospect of continual tasting only adding zest to the labor. Like other children, I used to help my mother in the manufacture of her goodies. I remember an incident which occurred in my seventh year. I was sitting on a low stool, busily

engaged in sorting and picking off the stems of a heap of raisins. My mother was making marchpane, when Jacob, an old Jew who frequently came to the castle on business and never failed to walk over to our quarters to call, entered our kitchen. After saluting my mother respectfully, he stood silent for a few minutes, then remarked in his drawling Oriental accent: 'I see, madame, that you are quite busy making good things; you will have a fine festival.' My mother, who was fond of Jacob on account of his good nature and wit, answered: 'You might also have your share in this same festival if you would believe in the Son of God and be baptized.' The old Jew shook his head; then, with a malicious smile: 'Why should I believe in the Son, since the Father still lives in heaven?'"

This rejoinder Leschetizky often repeats to his friends. As a child he was exceedingly fond of this Jacob, whose intelligence and honesty were in vivid contrast to the illiteracy and shrewd malpractice of so many of his despised brethren.

The Polish Jews are looked upon as the worst type of the race, and are the victims of ridicule and sarcasm on account of their appearance. The long-tailed coats, worn even by twelve-year-old boys, and the long curls,—hanging on both sides of the face immediately in front of the ears, often framing a hideous countenance, and seeming to absorb all the attention they devote to their toilet,—make them conspicuous and instantly recognizable. The costume was imposed by Casimir the Great, who, at the earnest solicitation of his Hebrew mistress, the beautiful Esther, allowed the Jews to settle in Poland, but only on condition of retaining a distinctive garb, which is seen to this day. The coat varies in cleanliness according to the more or less distant epoch from which it dates—always as far back as a grandfather. It bears stain upon stain, the cloth looking more like shiny old leather; it is torn in many places, but, in the estimation of the owner, quite wearable. The condition of these Jews is as miserable as their costume: whatever may be their rights, they have few, if any, privi-

leges. It ought, perhaps, to be said here that Leschetizky shares none of the ingrained prejudices of the Pole for the Jew as a race. On the contrary, he has always been attracted by the combined talent, persevering diligence, and concentration of purpose peculiar to this gifted people. The high estimation in which Leschetizky holds the Jews is aptly demonstrated by a saying of his in regard to his now celebrated pupil, Mark Hambourg. He finds in him the same elemental causes of strength as in Anton Rubinstein; and comparing the two, remarks that Hambourg has "two of the gigantic artist's virtues: he is a Russian and a Jew."

To return to Lancut and Theodore's early years. We find him on the threshold of boyhood grappling with the first bitter lessons of life and art. Happy, he, with so gentle a guide to help him over the hard places! I have his mother's picture, and as I look into the sweet, resolute face, all that her son has so reverently told me mingles with my own intuitions, and raises up a vision of all that is highest

and strongest in womanhood. Mme. Leschetizka's educational system tended to bring out the best in her boy. Realizing that by coercion nothing could be gained, she confined herself to well-timed advice, allowing Dorcio to develop himself, with small insistence on what seemed contrary to his nature. His was a sensitive, caressing disposition, full of poetic sentiment and natural amiability, eager for sympathy and appreciating his mother's love, of which he speaks with emotion to this day. Nevertheless, his latent strength of character at first revealed itself in indomitable obstinacy, which often made Dory insupportable. The paternal views were stern and uncompromising; unpleasant scenes frequent; cruel punishment, often blows, consequent. For the most trifling offense, a spot on his clothing, a small negligence, the boy was sure of severe chastisement, and, revolting at continual tyranny, would fly to an obscure corner, there to weep out his sorrows unseen. If a visitor happened to call, the father, proud of his son's talents, would

go in search of him, and, finding him vindictively retrospective, drag him from his hiding-place and cajole him into a better humor, trying by soft words and caresses to obliterate the sense of injustice from the offended child's soul and rekindle therein the sacred fire. The artist's impulse was already strong. Dory was usually willing enough to play and, in playing, forgot his woes.

There still exists a picture of Leschetizky as he was at that period, with his blond curls, the pride of his mother's heart, and no doubt the distress of the boy, condemned to curl-papers at night. The reproduction given here is taken from the original oil-painting by the English portraitist Morton.

As a child Leschetizky's precocious intelligence resented discipline. At seven he was already acquainted with Goethe and Schiller, and preferred reading to practising. But his father, an excellent taskmaster, began with the first lessons to inculcate a realization of the value of regular sustained effort, exacting two hours a



Leschetizky at the age of six.

day of conscientious, hard work, and requiring in all things a self-control far beyond the boy's years. Dory was allowed no toys, and his superabundant animal spirits were constantly and sharply criticized. Josef Leschetizky was not always just and seldom consistent. His narrowness excluded insight into childish needs; his constitutional dissatisfaction found vent in continual and bitter sarcasm. If his son, whose original talent developed early, seemed to be in the mood for composition, the father would decry his efforts, assuring him that it were far better to invest his energy where there was more hope of return; if, on the other hand, his books tempted the child away from the piano, he was subjected to such satirical remarks as, "I see! That is what is going to bring you bread and butter." If, finally, Dory was particularly diligent in piano practising, the elder Leschetizky would exclaim in cutting tones: "That 's what one comes to when there are no brains! You play and play, and forget that without composition you will never be an artist."

Theodore obtained his first regular schooling at St. Anne's in Vienna, and entered the *Gymnasium* of the Benedictine Fathers (the Paters Schotten on the Freyung) in his tenth year. At the same time he began to study French. His progress in all branches was so rapid that at one time his father seemed inclined to select for him some other than the musical profession. But Mme. Leschetizka, with a keener, broader realization of the future, was determined that her son's marked talent should be developed to the utmost; and during his hours of practice the devoted mother's ear was always on the alert, fearful lest some opportunity of being helpful should be lost. And while, taking the best as a matter of course, she seldom bestowed praise; her true instinct led her unerringly to the most enlightened criticism. Dorcio was at that time studying the Italian school principally, and every one remarked the taste and sentiment displayed in his playing.

Leschetizky made his public début at the age of nine. The circumstances of this

initial appearance have remained in his mind and he relates them as follows: "My father took me to Leopole [Lemberg] to take part in a concert. I was to play Czerny's concertino with orchestra under the baton of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart,—a son of the immortal Mozart,—then musical director in Lemberg. The theater was miserable barn-like structure. Moreover, it was infested with rats, and during the rehearsal I noticed a number of these abject quadrupeds running about in the body of the house. The concert was a grand affair. I was myself transported with delight by the admirable reading of the great Polish actor Bogumil Dawison who declaimed a number of pieces with which I was familiar. He was at that time already quite celebrated, especially for his incomparable interpretation of brigand rôles. After the concert, the friend at whose house we were stopping presented me with a real little gun, and next morning I went back to the theater to hunt the rats." The net results of this expedition have not been recorded.

Leschetizky's first love was a cousin of his, Mincia Merkl, a charming blue-eyed blonde. The whole ardor of the boy's nature went out to this ethereal little being, and all his thoughts turned to her and to what he might do to serve her. His vivid, chivalrous imagination was ever creating adventures in which she was the central figure—he, of course, not far away, playing the hero's part in delivering her from all kinds of dangers and troubles. The theft of his mother's hats had made a deep impression on his mind, and that adventure he lived over—but the traveling-carriage was Mincia's, and he, arriving at the crucial moment, put the brigands to flight, and as reward received a tender kiss from his beloved. He was not yet eleven years old, but he had his little lover-like ways, and was never without some pretty, high-flown speech with which to greet his heart's idol. In his own words: "I was always overjoyed, in the spring, at the prospect of returning to Lancut to see again my little cousin Mincia Merkl, for whom I sighed. She was beautiful with

an angelic beauty. Alas! she was soon to join the angels. She died at the age of twelve." This fairy-like romance of the far-away past has left its impress on the master's nature.

My brother-in-law relates with keen enjoyment the circumstances of a certain evening when, as a child, he played at the apartments of Prince Metternich, then chancellor of the empire. As usual, his performance excited enthusiasm, and he was overwhelmed with caresses and kisses by the ladies, all of which the little fellow took quite naturally, ascribing it to his handsome velvet suit. Later on, when champagne was served at supper, he drank some and found it exceedingly to his taste. Metternich, who enjoyed drawing the boy out, said to him: "Well, Theodore, whom would you wish to marry?" The child, somewhat under the influence of the wine, fixing his bright eyes on one of the bottles, cried out enthusiastically: "Veuve Clicquot, your Highness," an answer eliciting much applause. The prince exclaimed: "That surely deserves a reward; choose

whatever pleases you best in this drawing-room." Leschetizky says: "My father secretly hoped my choice would fall on some priceless vase or handsome clock. His disappointment was severe when he saw me select a common pasteboard jumping-jack hanging to one of the curtains, and left there probably by Metternich's sons, lads of my own age. I had never been allowed to have toys," concludes the master, sadly.

CHAPTER III

Leschetizky comes under the tuition of Karl Czerny — Recollections of Liszt, Thalberg, and Fanny Ellsler — Dorcio spends some of his first earnings on Vienna rolls with a nearly fatal result — Leschetizky's friendship for Anton Rubinstein — How Dorcio spoiled his voice — He plays before the Emperor Ferdinand.

DORCIO'S development was rapid. Before he was eleven years old, besides being generally well advanced in all his studies, he had acquired very considerable fluency in reading music. His father, who watched his progress closely, used to take him to the orchestra concerts, surnamed "Geistige Concerte." These concerts date back to the days of Beethoven, when they were organized under the directorship of Baron Lannoy, who conducted the overtures and symphonies under the composer's immediate influence, and, with the

increasing intensity of Beethoven's deafness, standing where he could be seen by the players only, often directed concerts the master believed he was himself directing. After Beethoven's death his disciple remained his faithful interpreter, adhering closely to tradition.

When Dory had attended a concert he was always filled to overflowing with the music, and next morning he and his father would sit down to play the overture or symphony heard the evening before. In two years the child had been through much of Beethoven's music, and this exercise was of great value to him; for the orchestral rendering had made so deep an impression that he was able to reproduce it on the piano with great fidelity regarding tempi and dynamics. Leschetizky has remained a fervent admirer of Beethoven, whom he has interpreted in the broad spirit of the composer as revealed by his works in general, and with deep reverence for the emotional contents of each composition, rather than servile fidelity to so-called tradition.

As Theodore's technique developed, he seems to have felt the necessity of fresh stimulus. He says: "At the age of eleven I had conceived an ardent desire to meet the great pedagogue Karl Czerny, of whom I had heard so much; and in the fall my father took me to play for him. I played Czerny's concertino, and the so-called 'Alexander Variations' by Herz. My father had had lessons from the renowned teacher, so that I was well prepared to derive immediate benefit from his valuable instruction, and my new master seemed to take a lively interest in me. I went every Sunday to take my lesson. Czerny occupied rooms in a house on the Petersplatz. He was rather short in stature, with woolly hair and bright, expressive brown eyes, which fairly shone behind his spectacles. His was a high order of intelligence; he was deeply interested in politics, and spoke seven languages. Though of Bohemian parents, he was born in Vienna. Czerny was a pupil of Beethoven and Clementi, and, besides being himself an eminent pianist, was, with Hummel, at the

head of the school of piano-playing founded by Mozart. It has been somewhat the fashion to underrate the services this really great man rendered to pianism; but we have only to point to the list of distinguished virtuosi who have come to him as to a fountain-head—Liszt, Thalberg, Döhler, Kullak, and an array of lesser names. His facility for composition was phenomenal. Besides his published works, he has left in all several hundred piano pieces in manuscript and many transcriptions. His writings may lack depth; but no one can deny that they show a great knowledge of form, of the resources of the instrument, and of all pianistic effects. His studies are very valuable. He may well be called the Father of Virtuosi. He was never married, and lived alone with much simplicity; so simply, in fact, that, though he spent large sums in behalf of needy artists, he left a fortune in charitable bequests. Beethoven had the highest confidence in him and often consulted him. He also made some of the Liszt cadenzas. I remember well how he wrote. His pen liter-

ally flew along the paper. He put down his musical ideas quite as if he were writing a letter or taking down a dictation. His manner of teaching was somewhat that of an orchestral director. He gave his lessons standing, indicating the different shades of tempo and coloring by gestures. The chief aim of my father's instruction had been the development of musical feeling and taste: Czerny insisted principally on accuracy, brilliancy, and pianistic effects. I played a great deal of Bach under him, some compositions by Alkan, some by Thalberg, and, above all, those of Beethoven. Czerny taught that Beethoven should be rendered with freedom of delivery and depth of feeling. A pedantic, inelastic interpretation of the master made him wild. He allowed me to play Chopin just as I pleased, and though he appreciated the great Polish writer, he sometimes said his compositions were sweetish. Again he would become enthusiastic, and say that they were 'famose Musik.' One day he showed me a criticism in which Chopin's works were compared to sweet-

ened water, flavored with paprika. Czerny did not fully recognize the value of the later Beethoven sonatas; Mendelssohn he understood. I remember studying the 'Songs Without Words' almost as soon as they appeared. Czerny's lessons cost five florins; but the florin of those days was of less value than that of to-day.

"My master was extremely fond of cats, and always kept a number (varying between seven and nine) as pets. One of the rooms of his apartment was reserved for them, and he made every effort to find good homes for the numerous progeny. He once gave me a kitten, and I remember being somewhat burdened with the gift, as my mother disliked cats and I dared not take it home. Not knowing what else to do with it, I let it loose in the street. Czerny, however, did not lose sight of the little animal's fate; he inquired about it, and as frank confession would certainly have jeopardized my position in his good graces, I was obliged to invent some story. I therefore assured him that the kitten

was in excellent health and a great favorite at home; in fact, we were so fond of it that we expected to take it with us when we left Vienna for the summer."

It cannot be denied that Dory was not a truthful child. The father's ill-guided severity had borne its natural fruit: the boy had learned to take refuge from brutality in stratagem and prevarication. Another of his experiences with Czerny may interest the reader: "On a certain occasion, after playing a Beethoven sonata in public, I had the gratification of learning from a friend that my master had spoken of the performance in high terms of praise. In the evening Czerny told me to come to him next day, and that whatever I might ask he would certainly grant. I was naturally somewhat inflated by this promise, and early in the morning went to Czerny's house. When I stood before him, I began by thanking him for having expressed himself so favorably on my playing. My friend's delightful words still ringing in my ears, I was naturally

much surprised to hear my master exclaim: 'I—you stupid booby! Not in the least. How can you imagine such a thing?' Somewhat taken aback, but determined not to be abashed, I proceeded: 'Then why did you have me come here for a reward?' 'Well, well,' answered Czerny, good-naturedly, 'since I have promised it to you—' Now was my chance—now or never! For a long time I had had something on my mind which worried me considerably, and I was determined to clear up the matter. The story I had heard had often been the theme of sarcastic comment from my companions, delighted to attack me in my most vulnerable point by casting aspersions on the master I venerated. To me it seemed incredible. So, after a moment's hesitation, I went on boldly: 'I beg of you one favor, only this—tell me the truth. Is it a fact that your master—Beethoven—ever boxed your ears?' It was Czerny's turn to hesitate. He stood a moment, gazing at me silently, the look of surprise merging into one of embarrassment. Then, smiling

suddenly, he answered: 'It is true and it is not. This is what happened. I was playing a Beethoven sonata. The master ordered me to make a cadence, which I endeavored to do. My attempt was evidently inadequate. I tried, again, with no better success; this time it was too short. Finally I let my fingers run in three octaves of brilliant passage-work. At that moment I felt a violent shock. Beethoven had gripped my shoulder with all his strength and was screaming: "That 's too much!" For weeks I suffered severe pain in the spot where the iron hand had borne down on me.' This interview," continues Theodore, "comforted me, and I went away much relieved in my mind. About that time I was going over the 'Moonlight Sonata.' All serious students of form must have noticed that in the last movement there is a passage which, occurring in one key, has the regular eight bars, in the other only seven. The discrepancy had caused me an uneasy feeling, —I felt even before counting the bars that something was wrong,—and, having sifted

the question more thoroughly, mentioned the matter to Czerny. Whether he was unwilling to admit even the slightest flaw in Beethoven, or whether he chose to remain silent for some other reason, I never knew; he merely stared at the passage without answering. During the winter my master presented me to Liszt, who had expressed a wish to hear me play."

A significant event in his career, this meeting with Liszt! and, walking along by the side of Czerny, little Dory was thrilling with a great sense of the solemn occasion. Something wonderful was about to happen! The world was a different world! The very passers-by—even the streets, had lost much of their daily prose to become a part of *his* pageant. And the house *he* was stopping in! Every stone thereof was glorified!

The boy's serious eyes looked up into the eagle eyes of the master. This was the man who had revolutionized the art of piano-playing; whose meteoric passage through Europe had paled the record of every artist known to fame; whose gen-

erosity had so nobly come to the relief of the Pesth water-famine victims in 1837; whose munificence had passed into a proverb! The moment had come when Dory would hear him speak, and on his small concerns,—pronounce judgment on his small doings! The child doubted not the words would have talismanic power.

"Notwithstanding the gigantic proportions of his intellect," says Leschetizky, "Liszt had a charm of manner, a certain gracious cordiality without a tinge of condescension; he seemed to see into every one's mind and feel with him. He was most affectionate with Czerny, who naturally took great pride in his illustrious pupil's tremendous success. To make my seat comfortably high, Liszt put some music on the chair. I was about to sit down when he stopped me, saying: 'Wait a moment, my boy; notice this name attentively.' I read the name Richard Wagner. The book was the score of 'Rienzi.' 'That man,' pursued Liszt, 'will some day make the world hear from him.'

"Liszt," says Theodore, "made a deep

impression by his powerful individuality, his cheery manners, and that indescribable smile, contrasting with the piercing look in his eyes. His Vienna début opened the door to a series of unparalleled triumphs. He was remarkable in everything he did, and, though undoubtedly it is a trifling thing to note in so colossal a genius, it may not be uninteresting to remark that he was the first to play in public without music."

That same year Theodore played for Thalberg. He says: "The great man was very kind to me. He was handsome, refined in his manners and very aristocratic in his ways, thereby betraying his origin. He was the illegitimate son of a grand duke. Thalberg gave me a lithograph picture of himself. He even wrote his name on it."

That picture is seen in the extensive collection of autographs still carefully preserved in Leschetizky's villa.

At the age of twelve the young artist had already made many friends, in whose

homes he was cordially welcomed. In later years he has spoken of the Joelsohns, through whom he had frequently enjoyed opportunities of meeting the world of fashion as well as many celebrities attracted to that hospitable house by the delightful entertainments for which it was well known. In giving an account of a children's masked ball Theodore says: "The Joelsohns had a charming little black satin suit in Louis XV style made for me. My long hair was caught behind my head and fastened with the traditional bow. I believe this costume was thought to be very becoming. I was obliged to play several pieces; and bonbons, cakes, and fruits were showered upon me. Among the ladies, one attracted my attention. She was tall and slender, her expressive face shaded by beautiful light brown hair. It was the celebrated dancer, Fanny Ellsler. The gentlemen surrounded her and begged the favor of a dance. But she declined. Suddenly, fixing her radiant eyes on me, and bestowing one of her bewitching, never-to-be-forgotten smiles, she said:

'You, little one, will you dance with me?' At the bottom of my heart I was sorry to leave the pretty little girl to whom I was engaged, but I could not well refuse the request of the renowned daughter of Terpsichore, so I thanked her for the honor and we took the floor together. Mlle. Ellsler's dancing did not come up to my expectations that evening. She danced slowly—like any one else in a ball-room. But she made up for it next day by sending my parents a box in the front row of the theater, where we could all sit commodiously and enjoy her really wonderful performance."

Theodore played a number of times in Prince Esterhazy's drawing-room, and was generally paid ten ducats for his services. In other distinguished houses he received six, no insignificant sum, at that time, for a lad of his age. Like most boys, he was fond of jingling change in his pockets; but I must add that what portion of his earnings he was allowed to retain was usually spent for pleasure excursions or innocent feasts, in both of which his numerous

friends were participants. On one occasion the feature of the orgy was a large parcel of fresh rolls, considered a delicacy in Viennese families of moderate means, who commonly use rye bread. The rolls were purchased on the way home from school, and, according to his habit, the munificent Dory gave his share away. One of his companions, a certain Henry Stohl, who became a skilful painter, and of whom I shall speak again, ate so heartily that by the time the gay party reached the point where the roads diverged he was already feeling ill and had to be escorted home by two of his friends, who secretly put him to bed, then, boy fashion, withdrew hastily, for fear of embarrassing cross-examination. Stohl's mother happened into his room, and, finding him lying in bed ghastly pale and speechless, sent in great alarm for a physician. In the meantime the assembled family diligently questioned the boy, without obtaining any clue to the alarming symptoms. He remained mute and momentarily grew worse. During the excitement Stohl's

father chanced to look out of the open window, and noticed a fresh roll floating in a rain-water barrel. The circumstance struck him as peculiar, and, notwithstanding the prevailing confusion, he mentioned it aloud; at which the sick lad, making a supreme effort, called out: "It 's the twentieth. I could n't manage it." Needless to add, the administration of efficacious remedies promptly followed this declaration, and investigation leading to the discovery that Dory had furnished funds for the banquet, our magnificent youth was roundly scolded by his good friend Mrs. Stohl.

The habit of lavishly spending money seems to have pursued Leschetizky through life. He enjoys sharing his means with others, and especially delights in organizing pleasure trips, often assuming the entire traveling expenses of a party of friends.

The summer of 1840 was the last that the Leschetizkys were to spend in Lancut. On July 3, 1841, the Countess Julie Potocka married Prince Francis Lichtenstein, and a few months later her sister

was united to Count Ditrichstein, ambassador at London.

It happened that Prince Schwarzenberg, looking about for a playmate for his son, a boy of Dory's age, and hoping that the little artist's industry might serve as salutary stimulus, invited him to stop some months at Leibnitz. Theodore's parents consented, and the whole family spent the summer on the prince's estate. The two children studied and played together; but it is doubtful whether the intimacy had the desired effect on the young nobleman, content, in many instances, to have his bright little companion work out his themes and problems; for Dory, whose abnormal facility made these things child's play for him, was often weak enough to do his friend's work.

When Josef Leschetizky left his situation in the Potocki family, he received a pension of some three hundred ducats. This, with his wife's property, amounting to about sixteen thousand florins, and the lessons he continued to give, afforded him a comfortable income.

The year 1842 brings us to the meeting of Leschetizky and the Rubinsteins, who, accompanied by their teacher Villoing, had come to Vienna. A fast friendship sprang up between Anton and Theodore, though the latter's mother, disapproving strongly of young Rubinstein's rough ways, his not particularly refined language, his precocious and frankly expressed cynicism,—especially regarding women,—and his disposition to borrow money, openly discouraged the intimacy. Already, at the age of thirteen, Anton was a fine pianist. In fact, his technique, always phenomenal, had in those early years a brilliancy which was later, to a certain extent, temporarily obscured by rough, careless, inaccurate playing. I say to a certain extent, and advisedly; for Rubinstein was always Rubinstein.

As a child, Theodore had a sweet, pure soprano voice. His flexible organ seemed specially suited for coloratura, and he sang airs from Donizetti and Bellini like a little opera-singer. He sang also in church, often taking solo parts, even reading them

at sight during mass and other services. The celebrated tenor Salvi, then engaged at the Vienna Opera, having heard the interesting little chorister, took a great fancy to him, and delighted in giving him lessons and in exhibiting his talents whenever opportunity presented. Dorcio enjoyed vocal music with a passionate enjoyment, and his favorite recreation was going over scores, singing the different parts, declaiming with great energy, and accompanying himself on the piano. In this way he became acquainted with a vast number of lyric and operatic works. His voice had become very popular in the different houses that he frequented, his natural amiability leading him to sing whenever he was asked. When he had attained his fourteenth year, Salvi warned him that if he wished to retain his voice he must be very careful not to strain it—indeed, must turn a deaf ear to all who wished to hear him. One evening, however, Dory had the weakness to listen to persuasion, and sang in the open air in a forest at Mauer, near Vienna. He sang unaccom-

panied some Schubert songs and several airs from different operas without experiencing the slightest fatigue. In the morning he discovered that his voice was gone —hopelessly, irreparably gone. The loss was a great grief to the poor lad, whose musical soul felt the need of that expansion which vocal music alone can give. His courage, however, did not desert him, and he applied himself more devotedly than ever to the piano, now his all. He played much and often in public, and, despite his youth, became a well-known and beloved artist in Vienna.

Donizetti was then directing a troupe of Italian artists for the so-called *stagione* in Vienna. The author of "Lucia di Lammermoor" had often heard Dory when, as a mere child, he played at the Joelsohns', and took a deep interest in the boy's progress. "He was kind enough," says Leschetizky, "to be judge of my immature efforts at composition, and his criticisms and encouragement were of the greatest value to me. The slightest praise from him made me exuberantly happy and ambitious to

deserve more. Donizetti also took charge of conveying me to Schönbrunn, where I played for the Emperor Ferdinand and the Archduke Charles." The illustrious brothers were both musical, and not only requested Dory to play his compositions, but even themselves played them on subsequent occasions. His Majesty and His Imperial Highness expressed themselves eulogistically, and Theodore was invited a number of times to take part in the imperial concerts, an honor highly esteemed, and conferred only on the best artists. At one of these he had the pleasure of meeting Calzolari, whose incomparable rendering of the part of Nemorino in "L'Elisire d'Amore" has left so deep an impression. The older artist immediately recognized superior merit in the budding talent before him. After the concert,—in which both had taken part,—as they were seated together at supper, Calzolari said, bringing his glass nearer Theodore's: "We shall meet often, I hope. Let us drink together in *Brüderschaft*, and be friends."

CHAPTER IV

Dorcio at the age of fourteen is self-supporting — A Gipsy's prophecy — His adoration of Mlle. Angri — Gungel, the princely tailor — Leschetizky and Wagnerism — Schulhoff's playing and its effect on Leschetizky — He makes a friend of Grillparzer, the playwright.

NOTWITHSTANDING numerous concert engagements, and his success as pianist, Dory was still studying assiduously under Czerny. At the same time he was teaching, many of his pupils being older than himself. His first pupil was a certain Rossi, father of the gifted violinist Rossi, whose early death has been so deeply deplored in musical circles.

Theodore's independent spirit led him to be self-supporting at a time when few young men have considered life's problems earnestly. As soon as his pupils began to bring him sufficient income, he rented two

rooms immediately adjoining his father's, and at the age of fourteen was already established in his own quarters. So as to have ready access to his parents, he had a door cut through into their apartment, and took all his meals with them. The arrangement proved satisfactory to both: Josef Leschetizky was no longer disturbed by his son's practising, and the latter enjoyed the seclusion and quiet so necessary for serious study and so impossible to obtain when piano-lessons and the coming and going of pupils form the chief feature of each day.

Theodore looks back with pleasure to this period, and to his counterpoint-lessons from Simon Sechter, a master justly celebrated and to whom Leschetizky has remained deeply grateful. Indeed, he ranks this great pedagogue among the world's greatest. Sechter's chief merit consisted in giving his pupils a solid foundation, a tribute which Schubert pays him. The immortal song-writer, even after he had produced important works and was well known, sought Sechter's thorough instruc-

tion, deeming that thereby alone he could attain that certainty in which he believed himself to be lacking. Vieuxtemps, Döhler, Henselt, and Kullak are likewise numbered among his illustrious pupils.

My narrative now leads me to an incident in Leschetizky's life somewhat trifling in itself but not without significance in his career. He says: "I was at that time fourteen years of age, and had gone to Tarnow to give a concert. A party of us had arranged to take a horseback ride during the day. As we were jogging along, we noticed a band of Gipsies picturesquely camped on the outskirts of the woods. These nomads, leading a hand-to-mouth existence, always present an interesting sight, and we stopped awhile to look at them. One of them, a woman, separated herself from the group and came toward us. The intensity expressed in her eyes made a weird impression. She spoke to me, saying: 'Young lord, shall I tell your fortune?' Notwithstanding a certain uncanniness, the situation was amus-

ing, so I offered her my palm and she began in her professional drawl: 'Art is thy trade. Thou wilt be guided ever by thy heart. Thou wilt search for another heart responding to thine as thou understandest it, and wilt be three times married. Thou wilt live many years of thy life in a foreign land. Thou'—she hesitated, and, when I insisted on hearing further: 'Oh, thou art young; it is still so far away—' Something unspoken was on her mind."

The theory of coincidence, though adequate in explaining away many so-called prophecies, is not always sufficient in its influence over nervous, high-strung organizations, so victimized by imagination that they are, as it were, in hypnotic subjection to their own fancies, and not infrequently led on to the fulfilment of what, in the case of better-balanced natures would have remained idle forecasts. In general, like many Poles, Leschetizky is superstitious. Notwithstanding the breadth and scope of his mind, trifles affect him painfully—number thirteen, for instance, and things equally without

import. He still speaks of this youthful encounter with the Gipsy fortune-teller; the unspoken word still preys on his mind.

Leschetizky was never fortunate enough to meet Chopin personally, but he feels a nearness to his great compatriot through his friendship for one of the latter's most gifted pupils, a certain Filtsch, who seemed destined for special laurels, but was ruthlessly cut down by early death.

"Notwithstanding my master Czerny's rather mild appreciation of Chopin, I was a fervent worshiper at the great Pole's shrine. I became acquainted with a pupil of his, a brilliant young man by the name of Filtsch, whose unusual talents had attracted the notice of Count Banfi, to whom he owed his musical education. Filtsch was a handsome boy, but of diaphanous appearance—a beautiful blond, really too refined and delicate for life's struggle. I was very fond of him, and felt, moreover, that there was much to be learned from him. Barring a certain shade of affectation, his poetic playing appealed to me, and I earnestly endeavored to assimilate



Mme. Essipoff.

all the good there was in it. When Filtsch's health began to fail, I felt deeply his fast-approaching end. He himself clearly foresaw it, and as parting gift gave me an autograph manuscript copy of a Chopin impromptu. He gave it to me, saying that he believed I, of all his friends, would best interpret it. I have always kept his gift as a precious relic. Filtsch's death at the age of fifteen was a real misfortune for the pianistic world, and a sorrow to Chopin, who had built great hopes on him as a worthy interpreter of his compositions."

The Chopin impromptu alluded to soon appeared on one of Leschetizky's programs, as is shown by the reproduction here given.

At fifteen, what susceptible youth has not already suffered from a *grande passion* —has not met that ideal woman uniting in herself all the loveliness, all the virtues, dreamed of and sung by the poets, whose every word is an oracle, whose slightest wish is law?

We find Theodore very much under the

influence of a certain Mlle. Angri, a famous singer of the period. His admiration for her voice and personality, and his entire devotion, failed to excite response. The gifted lady accepted his homage as she might have accepted a child's caresses, thus continually, though unknowingly, wounding his pride. On one occasion Theodore was to take part in a concert at which Angri was to sing. He determined that from that evening on he would prove his manhood, the first step being to lay aside his wide collar and velvet coat and appear in severest broadcloth. Dreading opposition, he communicated his plan to none save the tailor, and, drawing secretly on his savings, had the suit made. With prudent regard for economy, he selected an honest, inexpensive workman, and, to avoid lengthy discussions with his parents, arranged to have the coat brought home the evening of the concert. When he awoke on the morning of the great day, he was all excitement, having dreamed of his splendor in the new costume and its effect on the lady of his sighs. In his midnight visions



seiner obderenns'schen Dichtungen.

Donnerstag den 25. April 1844,

Mittags um halb 1 Uhr,

im Saale der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde.

Programm.

Erste Abtheilung.

I. Erster Satz des Mayseder'schen Trio's, vorgetragen von **Jos. Hellmesberger, Theodor Leschetizky** und Hrn. **Borzaga**, Mitglied der k. k. Hofkapelle und des Orchesters des k. k. Hofoperntheaters.

II. Lesung:

1. Da Tauba.
2. D'Stern.
3. 's Heumahdag'sang.
4. 'n Vogl seine Frühlingsg'sangl.
5. Mein Müederl.

III. Fantasie Caprice für d'e Violine, von H. Vieuxtemps, vorgetragen von **Jos. Hellmesberger.**

Zweite Abtheilung.

I. Zweiter und dritter Satz des obigen Trio's, vorgetragen von Denselben.

II. Gesangspiece, vorgetragen von Dlle. **Caroline Kei-derspek.**

III. a) Impromptu (Manuscript) von F. Chopin,
b) (Auf Verlangen) Russische Lieder, von Leop. v. Meyer, vorgetragen von **Th. Leschetizky.**

IV. Lesung:

1. Da Held.
2. Dar ainschichte Mensch.
3. s' Lockg'sangl.
4. Resolut.
5. Dö zwai Kaisag'sanga.

Aus besonderer Gefälligkeit haben obgenannte Mitwirkende ihre Leistungen bereitwilligst übernommen.

Sperrsitze zu 3 fl. C. M. **Eintrittskarten** zu 1 fl. C. M. sind in den k. k. Hof-Musikalienhandlungen der Herren *Tob. Haslinger* und *P. Mechetti*, so wie in der Musikalienhandlung der Herren *Diabelli et Comp.*, und am Tage der Vorlesung an der Casse zu haben.

he had seen himself with his hair cut in the latest fashion. This was easy to accomplish, and the hair-dresser across the street soon made the desired metamorphosis. The despair of his mother, proud of the soft blond curls, may readily be imagined. Dorcio's appearance was by no means improved. In fact, he was entirely unrecognizable; and, consulting his mirror, he could not but mentally admit that he had made a blunder. The thought of his new coat offered some consolation. No doubt the ensemble would be satisfactory. When the suit arrived, Theodore put it on in feverish haste, experiencing a painful shock as he noted that it was not a perfect fit. It creased in the back, the collar did not lie smooth, the sleeves were all awry. Pull and drag as he might, view himself from this vantage-point or from that, the inexorable mirror reflected the same defects with hideous persistency. It was of no use to get discouraged and no moment for discussing details. The time for going to the theater had come. Perhaps, after all, *she* would not notice small deficiencies.

When Theodore arrived the hall was rapidly filling and the lady of his sighs already there. The boy hesitated a moment on the threshold of her waiting-room. But she might, after all, approve of his get-up. He would take courage. His heart beat fast as he opened the door and stood before her. He had expected to make a dramatic entrée. What was his surprise to observe that Mlle. Angri looked up quite indifferently. She did not even recognize him. The poor boy waited irresolute, his courage fast oozing away. Then, as a look of amused recognition changed suddenly into a hearty laugh, he broke down completely, the hot tears rushing to his eyes. Mlle. Angri, as usual, not realizing the pain she was inflicting, turned him round and round, examined his toilet, and scolded him for his shorn locks. Cut to the quick, Theodore vowed vengeance, and feeling that his only redress lay in his playing, swore that he would outdo himself. Boldly he walked out on the stage; but again he was unrecognized, nor did the accustomed applause

greet him. This was disheartening, but after a few sounding chords he felt he had the audience with him, and began the "Sonnambula Caprice" by Thalberg. He sang and stormed; and as he put his soul's passionate rage into his playing, the public awarded him a greater ovation than he had ever before received. When it was over, still much excited and seeking to calm himself, he was pacing the floor back of the stage, when a tall, elegantly dressed gentleman appeared, and, taking him in his arms like a child, raised him off his feet, saying: "You played like a god! But your coat is a bad fit. My name is Gungel, and I beg the favor of offering you a suit made according to my ideas. You need not try it on. I understand coats, and, when I took you in my arms, grasped your measurements. By five o'clock to-morrow you shall have it." And while Theodore stood stock-still, speechless with astonishment and deeply hurt, the gentleman bowed and retired. The next day, at five precisely, a messenger from the great Gungel tailoring establishment brought a

handsome new suit. Still angry, Theodore nevertheless succumbed to the temptation of trying it on at once, and, in admiring its style and perfect fit, forgot his determination to have nothing whatever to do with the perpetrator of such indignities. He kept the coat, but insisted on paying for it, as he felt that he was earning sufficient to permit himself that luxury. The days were long past when his father allowed him a few cents for every public appearance. His earnings were now his own; he was a man, preparing for his final examinations at the Schotten Gymnasium; he was beginning to attend the University, and, coaching with his uncle, had made rapid progress in classic literature.

The coat episode led to the most cordial relations between the princely tailor and the young artist. It must be said that Herr Gungel was very different from the proverbial tailor, supposed to constitute just one ninth part of a man. Besides being well known for large-minded generosity, the Viennese merchant was recog-

nized as a man of refined taste and liberal education. The most high-placed and most prominent members of Vienna society were to be seen at his house, and his table was famous as a meeting-place of the greatest minds of the day: scientists, men of letters, and musicians such as Liszt, Rubinstein, and a host of others. It was at that hospitable board that Theodore had the pleasure of meeting Liszt again, the giant-minded Hungarian once more offering the precious boon of his encouragement to the youth he had known and encouraged as a child.

At that time Theodore had begun to work independently at his music, returning occasionally to Czerny and Sechter for advice. The following anecdote illustrates his facility for learning. Professor Joseph Fischoff was engaged to play the E flat Weber concerto at one of the "Geistige Concerte," of which I have already made mention. Three days before the concert he hurt a finger so seriously that it became necessary to look about for some one to take his place. The concerto had

been advertised; the orchestra were familiar with the parts: it seemed a pity to change the program. Dr. Alfred Becher, a Vienna composer, specially eminent as musical critic, suggested young Leschetizky's name, encouraging the lad to undertake the difficult task — difficult indeed, for Theodore was not acquainted with the concerto. However, he accepted the engagement, appeared at the rehearsal three days later, and in the evening played with his usual certainty of technique and memory, and so brilliantly that the audience, acquainted with the circumstances, gave him a tremendous ovation, and the not unenvious musicians themselves showered congratulations upon him.

In 1845 Leschetizky and a number of his friends went to Dresden to assist at the première of Tannhäuser. It is probably difficult for us, who have grown up in the atmosphere of the music-dramas, to realize the feelings of that time with regard to Wagner, his new theories and his bold methods of expressing his ideas. Theodore and his friends returned to Vi-

enna, enthusiastic over what they had heard, hypnotized by the novel sensations they had experienced, and Wagner their sole theme of conversation. I quote Leschetizky: "But our state of mind in no way represented that of the average musician. Notwithstanding the success of 'Rienzi' and 'The Flying Dutchman,' the influence of Italian opera was so strong that it seemed hard to accept this new doctrine of art. People were surprised, impressed, but could not make up their minds frankly to declare themselves for the innovator. A certain coldness even for Weber and Beethoven became noticeable. Liszt, as might have been expected, helped more than any one to replace these giants on their proper pedestal. Rossini's fecundity produced a large number of operas, which resulted in a series of triumphs for the author. His voluptuous music, full of spontaneous melody, appeals directly to all, and is easily appreciated. The superabundance of fioriture cannot be denied. Still, when executed with taste by beautiful, well trained voices, these embellish-

ments certainly please audiences and enhance the triumph of the executants without really injuring the composition. This highly ornamental style is essentially in the spirit of the Restoration. As for Bellini, it must be said that his is the music of the heart—suave, melodious, simple, and easily understood." As Liszt had predicted, Richard Wagner was exciting universal discussion, and in the midst of it Rossini's sarcastic witticism that "Wagner's music was very deep and no doubt very fine, and not to be judged in one hearing, but that he, for one, did not care for a second," found an echo in many minds. Many, indeed, did not care for a second hearing. Leschetizky's early fervor for the master of Bayreuth was not destined to be long-lived. It disappeared with his youth; and, though he still sees much to admire in the music-dramas, Leschetizky's Wagnerism is not rabid, wherein he differs from other essentially modern musicians.

Meantime, Theodore's reputation had spread beyond the walls of Vienna and

outside his native province, Galicia. In 1845 he went to Prag to assist the violinist Ferdinand Laub, a product of the Bohemian Conservatory and then a lad of twelve. Even in communities where the wider cultivation of the best music elevates the taste and broadens the conception of audiences, technical display has at all times excited enthusiasm. But here were two young performers who, over and above advanced virtuosity, could lay claim to scholarly understanding of important works, and maturity of feeling not to be expected from lads of their age. Critics and public united in recognizing a deeper merit, and Theodore refers to this Prag concert as one of his cherished memories. In 1846 he went to Budapest to take part in some of Hector Berlioz's concerts. The French composer's high encomiums pleased the young artist even more than his own indubitable success with the critical Pest audiences.

Berlioz had already made triumphal passages through Germany, where he had met fervent admirers in Schumann and

Liszt. For years the latter, with characteristic generosity, had been working for the propagation of the compositions of his erratic but always idealistic colleague.

Looking back over the history of Leschetizky's intense mental activity, we come across one source of inspiration in the well-known Rettich family. Leschetizky says: "As a young man I enjoyed the friendship of the whole Rettich household, and the society of these cultured people and their distinguished intimates was certainly of the greatest intellectual advantage to me." Mme. Rettich and her husband, both esteemed actors at the Burg Theater in Vienna, were possessed of highly interesting personalities. Julia Gley (Rettich) began her artistic career as a mere child. Her success was almost immediate, and continued till ill health obliged her to leave the stage in 1863. At the time of Theodore's frequent visits to her hospitable home she was still in the zenith of her fame, and especially beloved in her interpretation, in many cases her creation, of the principal rôles in Fried-

rich Halm's (Baron Münch de Bellinghausen) numerous dramas. The facility of this great artist was such that on one occasion she was able to substitute in the title rôle of a play of which she had only casually heard a rehearsal. Finding the stage-manager in distress on account of the sudden illness of his leading lady, she offered to take her place. She learned the lines in a few hours, and played the part with success the same evening. Nor did the audience detect the slightest uncertainty of memory or uneasiness regarding the business of the rôle. She was gifted in many ways, and was, moreover, of a high moral character, an idealist in all things, a true wife, even an excellent housekeeper. It is hardly possible to describe in words the charm of this good woman. Otherwise wonderfully well balanced mentally, she had one idiosyncrasy. If she chanced to go out alone, she was quite sure to lose her way, and so be unable to reach her home without applying for assistance. Theodore she loved as a son, and was always delighted to welcome him to her intimate

circle of friends, composed of Friedrich Halm, the poet Bauernfeld, the actors Laub and Laroche, the composer Dessauer, and others. Contact with these minds necessarily had an elevating influence on the young man's taste, and became a potent factor in the development of his esthetic nature and the formation of his judgment. Inspired by such an environment, he conceived a great love for knowledge and desire to meet writers of the period; and all the time he could spare from his special work was devoted to solid reading. His evenings with the Rettichs have remained among his most delightful reminiscences. And it is an interesting picture as he unfolds it: the cozy round table, the eminent actors, men of letters, and musicians grouped about the brightly radiating lamp, the scintillating conversation, the genial host and hostess, ever thoughtful of the comfort and feelings of their guests. It became the fashion for each in turn to contribute an original work—whether play, novel, or poem—to the general entertainment. A comic

novelette by Leschetizky is to be referred to this period.

Hearing Schulhoff formed an epoch in Leschetizky's career. It was at an evening reception given by Dessauer in honor of the artist who had been so well received in Paris and whose concerts were announced in Vienna. "I well remember," says Leschetizky, "that drawing-room, filled with musicians and critics, all expectation with regard to the artist of the day. He was, of course, asked to play, and acceded with charming simplicity. After trying the piano and preluding a little, he began a composition of his—"Le Chant du Berger." Under his hands the piano seemed like another instrument. Seated in a corner, my heart overflowing with indescribable emotions as I listened. Not a note escaped me. I began to foresee a new style of playing. That melody standing out in bold relief, that wonderful sonority—all this must be due to a new and entirely different touch. And that cantabile, a legato such as I had not dreamed possible on the piano, a human voice rising above

As we have seen, Leschetizky, gifted by nature with great mechanical facility, had attained marked virtuosity in early youth. He maintains that his technique was more brilliant at seventeen than ever afterward. Speaking of his practising, he says: "While I worked on my exercises I never allowed my thoughts to wander from my task, but kept them strictly fixed on what I was doing." His early acquired habit of concentration stood him in good stead, and he claims that thereby he was able to accomplish much in a short time, practising only three hours a day at most, even during the weeks immediately preceding a concert tour.

But if he spent fewer hours daily at his instrument than many young aspirants to pianistic fame, he was not on that account idle. He says: "The day was scarcely long enough for all I had to do. My university work took up considerable time. I managed to do all my practising during the day, as the law forbids piano-playing after ten o'clock; but I frequently worked at my books till far into the night. Be-

sides other studies, I was taking a legal course, and sometimes in the spring I would go with my law-book into one of Vienna's many parks. One evening I was sitting on a bench in the Molken Bastei Garden. It had grown too dark for me to read, but I continued to sit there, having completely lost track of time. As I was about to go, I felt a hand on my arm. I looked up, and was startled at recognizing the celebrated playwright Grillparzer. He proposed that we should take a stroll and then walk home together. He was at the time nearly sixty years old, and all that he said, though uttered in jovial tones, had the weight of an oracle for me, and has since been food for thought. Speaking of the theater, he asked me how this or that of his pieces was played. I looked up at him in amazement. 'Why, certainly,' pursued the poet, 'I ask, for I seldom go to see my things played, and never, for instance, "Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen." I don't like it any more,' added he. Very much surprised, I described to him how much it had impressed me and

how well it always took with audiences. 'Yes, yes; that is all very well. I realize that if I had it to do over I could do no better. Still, I believe I would not write it at all now.'"

With advancing years and vanished illusions, experience opens up new vistas; the same theme receives a new treatment, or is laid aside as unfit for use or too difficult to handle. Leschetizky often speaks of this conversation with Grillparzer; for later in life came a poignant realization of the old man's meaning—whose words, floating down from the distant past, reëcho so truly in the present.

Grillparzer was devoted to music, especially the works of Beethoven and Schubert, and meeting Theodore frequently at the house of a mutual friend, it was his delight to hear the young artist's interpretations, particularly of the Beethoven sonatas, all of which Leschetizky played from memory. The great dramatist would ask sometimes for one, sometimes for another, as his fancy dictated, seeming to enjoy all equally. His sympathies did not

extend to Chopin's compositions. He complained of over sweetness : the Teuton mind misconceiving as softness the forms by which the Slav expresses the truest pathos ; regarding as weakness and mannerism that elegance and refinement which, in life as well as in art, often cover up the deepest tragedy, as the thickly flowering eglantine masks the approach to an abyss.

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CHAPTER V

Leschetizky joins the Revolution of 1848—He fights a duel and takes the water cure at Greifenberg—A trip to Italy—A thrilling adventure in Triest with a fanciful dénouement—A nerve-trying sojourn in a Venetian palace—Leschetizky's musical Italian—The lady of the gondola—An idyllic two weeks in the deserted fisherman's hut.

THE Revolution, with its attendant horrors, broke out in 1848. The younger and more inflammable generation were the first to take arms—such arms as fell into their hands. Theodore relates how he got hold of an "old stick" that had once claimed the title of gun, but was sadly fallen from its high estate and unfit for practical use. For the first day his comrades, like himself, had only such weapons as they stumbled upon—stones, axes, clubs, and hatchets. The next day, however, the majority were suitably

armed. They were divided into legions. The Academic Legion, composed of artist students, marched against the National Guard, and Theodore saw himself opposed to his friend Johann Strauss, who went as band-master to the National Guard. The lower classes became guilty of fearful excesses. A number of persons were hanged on lamp-posts, or otherwise brutally executed.

Metternich's cynical maxim that "nothing below a baron is human" fully expresses his policy; his determined adhesion to the tenets of absolutism and his constant opposition to all liberal ideas made him odious. He was obliged to leave the country in order to save his life. But the history of the Revolution is too well known to admit of detailing in these memoirs. Insurrection in Vienna was at its height when Theodore quarreled with a comrade. They fought, and Theodore was grievously wounded in the right arm. The treatment given him in Vienna resulted only in congestion of the muscles. After two weeks of severe pain he decided

to follow the advice of friends, who urged him to go to Greifenberg to consult the celebrated physician Prisnitz, whose method of curing with cold water had been making such a stir. The Princess Julie Lichtenstein [Potocka], feeling that she owed her return to health to the Prisnitz treatment, strongly urged the young artist to lose no time, and gave him a letter to the physician. Leschetizky's description of the renowned precursor of Kneipp is interesting: "I had barely arrived in Greifenberg when I hastened to Prisnitz's house and was conducted into his study. He was tall and laconic. I began by telling him that the Princess Lichtenstein, entertaining feelings of gratitude for him, had sent me with a letter, which I handed him. What was my surprise to see him throw it on the table without even reading it. This singular behavior on the part of a man who had risen from the very lowest shocked me. To say the least, it was discourteous to his distinguished patroness, not to speak of myself. I learned later that Prisnitz could

not read. He did not waste many words on me, but immediately arranged for a visit, telling me when to expect him. I was shown to a room on the first floor of the Prisnitz establishment. It was so damp that mushrooms were actually growing in it, and I declared that I would not stay; but the attendant who witnessed my dissatisfaction merely laughed, assuring me that I would not only stay but be very comfortable and eventually cured. Prisnitz had the habit of making his rounds on horseback. He was very punctual, and precisely at the time he had designated I saw him alight under my window. After making an examination, he prescribed wrapping my whole body in wet sheets. It was no use to offer the slightest objection. Prisnitz was absolute in all he said, and put things through with the dogged determination of the peasant. I was forced to submit to the detestable treatment, and in five months was cured. When I learned to know Prisnitz better, I was struck with admiration for his remarkable strength of character. Many

high-placed and eminent people took his cure, many also from the humbler walks of life. Never effusive with any one, he was courteous to all alike. Only once did we have a conversation of some length. On that occasion he told me that he was perfectly aware of the fact that he was consumptive, and knew pretty much when the disease would carry him off. He specified a date. I was in Italy when I read in the papers of Prisnitz's death. I recalled our conversation. His prophecy had been fulfilled."

During his treatment at Greifenberg Theodore had not been idle. Unable to use his right arm, he had as pastime composed a number of pieces for the left hand alone. Among these, a fantasia on "Lucia di Lammermoor" became popular.

But to return to the Revolution. Riots were still frequent or dreaded in Vienna, and many people of means had decided not to return to their winter quarters. Ischl was full of aristocratic families. Josef Leschetizky, seeing that he would have no trouble in establishing a large



Leschetizky's Villa at Ischl.

class of pupils, decided to remain there for the season; and Theodore, when he had fully recovered the use of his arm, was seized with an ungovernable desire to travel in search of new scenes and unfamiliar faces. His thoughts turned toward Italy, the natural goal of all artists. The moment seemed propitious; no opposition was raised, and he made his preparations with the ardor of one about to realize a long-cherished ambition.

The account of Leschetizky's first journey to Italy is given as nearly as possible in his own words: "In those days a trip to Italy was a serious matter; not like to-day, when every match-seller thinks he must undertake it. At that time he who traveled so far was considered a great man, and I must admit that I was quite conscious of my own importance. For part of the way I took the train, in itself a pleasing novelty, and at the end of the railroad continued the journey by post. I was delighted by the rich and varied scenery along the road, inwardly reflecting that the mountains I passed were certainly

hiding-places for the brigands and bandits about whom I had read so many interesting tales. I arrived at Triest one afternoon, and stopped at the Hotel Metternich, now Hotel National. The Italian type already prevailed. In the dining-room I studied the sunburnt, sinister faces. Hate depicted on each countenance, their eyes aflame, they seemed to be discussing the war and politics, the current topics of the day. I was obliged to draw some money in Triest. On my return from the bank, I lay down on my bed to take a little needed rest. I was dozing off, when a strange noise roused me to full consciousness. I listened attentively; the noise continued. I realized fully that I was somewhat overwrought by the fatigue of the journey; at the same time I remembered that there was a considerable sum of money in my room, and that the latter was situated in an isolated part of the hotel. The sounds continued with gentle persistency. Some one was working at my door-lock with a tool. There was no doubt of it—I was about to be murdered!

Jumping up from my bed, I seized my *Todschläger*,[1] and with one blow felled the door, only to come face to face with an unoffending old woman. The poor thing was cleaning the keyhole and polishing up the door-fastenings, preparatory to a banquet to be held that evening in the room next mine, which was, as I then saw, a large hall. Quite abashed, I apologized, pressing a coin into her hand to silence her outcry.

"Next morning I started for Venice in a steamboat. I was exuberantly happy as I stood on deck, drawing in great breaths of the invigorating sea air, and contemplating the marine sights, so new to me. We had not been long out of port when a high wind rose, the sky darkened, the waves blackened; it began to rain, and in the distance we heard the rumbling of a fast-approaching storm. Like all inexperienced travelers, I immediately conjured up visions of shipwreck. Everybody went below except myself. I remained on deck, enjoying the wild scene, and trem-

[1] A club-like weapon of the period.

bling at the same time. Some of my fellow-passengers afterward confided to me that they had believed their end to be near. But the storm proved to be only a waterspout, soon broken by the firing of a cannon from a not distant vessel. Our captain, by skilful manœuvering, steered his ship free of danger, and we made for the harbor of Venice. The only inconvenience we suffered was a delay of about five hours. It was already dark when we neared the Riva degli Schiavoni. I stationed myself where I could get a good view of the shore and the crowd of agitated spectators, friends of the passengers, who had been anxiously awaiting the arrival of the ship. It was quite like a mob scene in an opera, the ever-moving lanterns held aloft lending phantastic colors. In the meantime gondolas swarmed about our steamer. As they approached, black and silent, they looked like huge aquatic birds fatally doing an enchanter's bidding. The charm was broken by the gondoliers. As their prows thudded against the ship's sides, they loudly proclaimed the advan-

tages of the hotel or lodging-house which had employed them. The whole thing was so interesting to me that I remained leaning against the deck-railing, oblivious of the fact that all were engineering their luggage into the gondolas and preparing to land. The graceful embarkations were rapidly filling and gliding away, when I awoke to the realization that I was not invited to spend the night aboard: I also must look about for a hotel. At that moment I began to distinguish among other strident voices one persistently crying out: 'Una stanza per una lira in un palazzo sul Canal Grande' ('A room for one lire in a palace on the Grand Canal'). I was not well acquainted with Italian, but it was impossible not to understand this announcement; impossible likewise to resist the seductions of an offer so well adapted to my financial situation. I felt that this man was the very man for me, especially as the word *palazzo* seemed to hold forth promises of romantic adventure. Signaling violently, I attracted his attention, and jumped into his gondola while he busied

himself with my bags and small box. The water reflected a thousand lights from the shore, and from the sky, once more serene. My limited vocabulary threatened to be embarrassing. I felt the need of communicating with my gondolier about the loading of my belongings; so, boldly forcing musical terms into use, I entreated: 'Questo pezzo con molto delicatezza' ('This piece with great delicacy'); and seeing that the intelligent Italian seemed to understand, I continued in the same language: 'Andante, ma non troppo presto.' And so we glided along as I indicated. I noticed that the gondola was fitted up with a certain luxury which in no way corresponded to my ideas of a 'one-lire-a-night' establishment. We turned into a small canal and stopped before an ancient palace. My cicerone hammered with the knocker, and, after some considerable waiting, a key ground in a rusty lock, and we saw an old woman holding a smoky lamp in her bony hand. She spoke, and her rasping tones reminded me of the key in the rusty lock: 'Una stanza per una lira,

va bene.' I entered, and the heavy door closed upon us. It was one of the antique palaces abandoned by the partizans of Carlo Alberto when they fled from Venice. The old woman led me up a broad stairway, ornamented, up to the first floor, with high statues. Then we walked down a hall to a second narrower stairway, which we ascended. She showed me a room on the second floor. Its ancient architecture struck me at once. It contained a large bed with antique upholstery and muslin curtains, some heavy clothes-presses, and a few chairs. Two windows looked out on to the canal. I set down my luggage, which I had carried up myself, and being in a hurry to visit the Piazza San Marco, started out again without further preparations. I spent the evening wandering about in the narrow side streets wherever I could find a footing and along the Grand Canal. As I went I entered several attractive-looking cafés and restaurants, and will not deny that I partook heartily of different wines and other refreshments. It was fully 1 P.M. when I started home.

My head not absolutely clear, it was all I could do to find my palace. This time the old woman had gone to bed for good. I knocked and knocked till, about to give up in desperation, and conjecturing on the necessity of spending the night in the open air, I finally heard steps, and, as the heavy door turned on its hinges, language probably expressive but improbably choice. 'E troppo tarde per una lira—quello non va' ('It 's too late at one lire—that won't do'), she mumbled, as I again made my way up the superb stairs. I remember feeling that the statues must have become phantoms, and when I reached my room, I undressed as fast as possible, and, worn out, went to sleep immediately.

I awoke with a painful start: a cold, clammy hand was on my forehead! It did not rest there long, but just as I was noting that it had gone, it came again. Transfixed with fear, my body covered with cold perspiration, I nevertheless realized that I was wide awake and not dreaming. The hand moved above my forehead, touching it slightly every few seconds with

weird regularity. Was it the shade of some departed owner of the palace, or perhaps death itself whose icy fingers summoned me to my account? I lay there some time, not daring to move; but, little by little, I gathered my wits and sufficient courage to stretch out my arm and strike a light. Gently, without shifting the position of my head, I tried to reach the candle. In a moment I was surrounded by flames! The muslin curtains had taken fire. This more definite danger appealing with greater force, I leaped from my bed, rushed to the window, broke a pane, tore down the curtains, and threw them hissing and sizzing into the canal. The room was filled with smoke; but I had sufficient air to breathe, and went to work, throwing my jugful of water on the singeing upholstery. At that moment old Lucia, wakened by the crashing of glass, came hobbling along to see what was the matter. The fire was already out, so all she could do was to take an inventory of the damage. She became eloquent, and I learned that she was custodian of the palace, and, during the ab-

sence of its owners, privately turned an honest penny by renting a few rooms to strangers. So this explained the luxuriously appointed gondola: the palace had tenants! Gradually the old woman became calmer. I understood her low lamentations chiefly by her doleful accents and speaking gestures. She worked on my feelings so that I promised to pay for the damages. In my turn, I explained what had occasioned them. I was still excited, and, by means of German, broken Italian, and many gesticulations, described the cold hand that had so gruesomely awakened me. Bringing her lamp nearer the bed, she showed me two small marble hands which weighted down the cords used to draw into place a netting as protection against mosquitos. In a restless sleep I had started their swaying over my forehead. And that is how I spent my first night in Venice, in a room for which I was to pay one lire, but which cost me more than an elegant apartment in the most expensive hotel. I had indeed been in an adventure, though not of the ro-

mantic character that I had looked forward to.

"The next morning I determined to see Venice and incidentally find another room. The day was perfect. Reclining lazily in my gondola, I watched the sunlight dancing on the bright blue water. On either side stately palaces, a marvelous testimony of the antique glory and magnificence of the Venetian Republic, glided slowly by, and the Queen of the Sea revealed herself to me as in a mighty stereopticon. I felt that I must not lose any of the gorgeous spectacle, and, leaning forward, called out to my gondolier. As I have said, my Italian was sadly lacking; but my success of the previous evening had emboldened me, and an array of musical terms again coming to my relief, I said, 'Andante, meno mosso, molto adagio, quasi lento,' feeling all the time that my fluency must make an impression on the picturesque, deep-voiced Venetian. When it was time to turn back toward my lodging, I ordered: 'Allegro vivace e senza rallentando sino al fine.' And in this

manner I was able to make myself understood during the whole course of my first voyage through Italy."

In the harbor of Venice, leaning against the deck-railing of the newly arrived steamer, young Leschetizky had dreamed a golden dream of love. It was to come, swiftly, and not without its bitter alloy of pain! The romantic adventure for which the boy sighed was destined to strike deep down into his heart's depths. He says: "I have always loved Venice, which holds ineffaceable memories for me." Strangely ineffaceable indeed, in a life so strangely full of stirring incident! I give the story in his own words: "One evening, during the opera at the Rossini Theater, I saw a young woman whose beauty fascinated me. From the moment I first looked on that dainty head with its heavy mass of brown hair artistically coiled low on her neck, I found it impossible to turn my eyes away. I tried to imagine what thoughts might be harbored behind the serene marble forehead, what was the cause of the strange

melancholy expressed by the long, sweeping glance of the starlike eyes, shaded by magnificent lashes. She did not seem interested in the audience, and spoke little to her lady in waiting; but the few words she said seemed to reveal a great goodness. My young imagination was much disturbed, and every instant added to my excitement. Between acts I rushed out into the corridor, hoping that I might catch a glimpse of her. The fates were with me. The door of her box opened, and a handsomely dressed old gentleman went in. The young lady rose to meet him, and they stood in conversation near the entrance in such a way that I was able to see her face plainly. When the opera was over, I waited to see her pass down the stairs. She had a slow, undulating walk. As she came nearer my heart beat so loudly that I felt she certainly must hear it, and as she passed in front of me her glance fell on me like a lightning-flash. I can still recall the dizziness that I experienced at that moment. At the entrance she stood an instant, chatting with her lady

in waiting, who then left her; and as the gondola of my beautiful unknown glided away, I leaped into it and sat down at her side. I confess that my behavior was little short of rudeness, and attempt no defense. The young lady was first amazed, then indignant; but finally, seeing my despair at having displeased her, womanlike, forgave the offense occasioned by her charms, and consented to speak to me. I learned that she was of Austrian descent on her father's side. Her Italian mother led a retired life in a provincial town. The old count whom I had seen speaking with her had known her from childhood, and her education had been his care. Strange as it may seem, our conversation had in a few short moments become quite personal. Giulia even confided to me her feelings of rancor against this man, who, when her beauty blossomed into womanhood, had taken advantage of his intimacy to address her in terms that she could not but abhor. All this she told me in excellent German. In the meantime she had given directions to her gondoliers in the evident hope of

setting me down at some place. But it was impossible to get rid of me. I was determined to find out where she lived. As she was expected at the old count's house, she was finally obliged to allow herself to be taken there. Producing a key, she let herself in through a side door. I carried my audacity so far as to pursue her into the secret passage. Giulia, thoroughly frightened, shoved me into a clothes-press, saying in muffled tones: 'For God's sake! My life is in danger if you are seen!'

"I spent a long time in that clothes-press,—it seemed an eternity,—standing up in the midst of what I discovered to be tinsel-braided liveries. The odor of brass buttons and garments in daily use nauseated me, but I waited patiently. I think I should soon have suffocated, but at length Giulia's light hand gently opened the door, and I was able to get out without fear of discovery. A few minutes later we had reached her home. It was long after midnight, but I felt that my perseverance and the risks I had run merited some pity in

return. Giulia seemed to be somewhat of my opinion—at least, she allowed me to follow her in. The servants had all retired. The lady in waiting admitted us, and, though she seemed surprised to see a young man, did not question my right to enter, and preceded us to the salon. I can still see that beautiful room, so artistic, so full of costly knickknacks—in the midst of all this a magnificent Erard. I opened it and began to improvise. Giulia stood facing me. As she leaned over the piano, I noticed a tear sparkling on the tip of her lashes. That tear was for me—a star! I fell on my knees, and taking her pretty, nervous little hands in mine, covered them with kisses. But she, with a charming gesture, ordered me back to my seat, saying, with that bewitching and characteristic Venetian languor: 'You must play—it does me good. I should like to hear it always.'

"Day was breaking when I rose from the piano and said farewell to Giulia. The city was already awake. Gondolas laden with provisions and other wares were cir-

culating on the canals; early-rising housewives, pretty maidens carrying baskets, hurried along the streets; the shrill voices of fishwomen and the screeching of poultry indicated that the market-place was near at hand. The morning was cool, but I felt as if all this motion must warm up the atmosphere and melt the frost. I leaped into a gondola. I was happy with the happiness one enjoys only at eighteen. I had but one thought, my whole being concentrated on it: she had told me to come back.

"I spent many delicious hours with Giulia. No one opposed my coming and going. Her lady in waiting became very fond of me, and took me under her protection. Giulia's mind was as fascinating as her beauty, and her sensitiveness to musical impressions made her all the dearer to me, who saw in her my inspiration. One day she told the old count that she was going to spend two weeks with her mother. Her guardian consented, little dreaming where she was actually going. We lived our idyl on the Isola Madre, in

a deserted fisherman's hut. Giulia, whose tact and capability made her exquisite in all she did, attended to our little housekeeping herself. We were happy with a poetic happiness. Alas! it was to last but two weeks, and with a heavy heart I saw approaching the moment of our separation. In that crisis my career seemed of no importance. I was determined to cast all aside, and entreated Giulia to become my wife. But she answered gently and sorrowfully that our lives could not be united. She even exacted from me a promise never to write to her or make any effort to seek her out again. Our love was to be like a beautiful dream, which takes flight, leaving only memories behind. Her last sad look enveloped me like a veil of tenderness, and standing on the beach, watching the boat that carried her off, I wept with the passionate bitterness of a man's first woe."



Leschetizky at the age of twenty-six.

CHAPTER VI

"T. Leschetizky, I. A. Bacher, tailors"—Meyerbeer and his red umbrella—Count Sandor and his practical jokes—Leschetizky pays a midnight visit to the ruined Castle of Wildenstein—He calls on Bülow and forgets his own name—"The ravishing Flora S——"—Theodore goes to St. Petersburg.

I HAVE read in history of many instances in which friendship came to heal the wounds inflicted by love. Well it was for Theodore that a healthy comradery of common purpose and common interests, the companionship of a friend, came to raise him from his self-seeking grief, came to lead him gently back to the paths of real life and of duty. In his own words: "My friend I. A. Bacher joined me, and we concluded to take up our journey through the mountains. The road was lonesome, and we were obliged to travel to Bormio

in a carriage. My friend and I knew perfectly well that as supposed Austrians we were not particularly welcome in that vicinity nor likely to be treated with exaggerated courtesy, if good opportunity offered of taking a little private revenge for Radetsky's victories. In fact, it was rumored and believed that Austrians ran considerable risk of being attacked and miserably strangled on the slightest provocation. It was with these thoughts that we were rolling along, when we heard whistling from the hills, ominously responded to by our coachman. We immediately understood that we were being signaled, and noted with increased alarm that our driver was slowing up his horses. The situation was, to say the least, unpleasant. Jumping upon the box-seat, I displayed my Todschläger, threatening to strike the man on the head if he dared whistle again. Then, taking the reins and whip, I set our horses to a gallop, and kept up this pace till I felt that we had passed the danger-line.

"This section of our journey was very

exciting; the country was in a state of fomentation, the air filled with the odor of battle. As for me, my aching heart and mind had room for but one image, one thought. Bacher did what he could to help me, and, in his true friendship, bore patiently with my moodiness and fits of depression. The war really seemed an insignificant episode to me. I was at war myself, and the shadowy combatants within engaged all my attention."

In the meantime the journey was doing its good work in restoring Theodore's equanimity. At eighteen no malady is mortal. Little by little the external world once more became interesting, and after weeks of eloquent silence his diary again bears record of every-day events. One little incident he relates as follows:

"We reached Gratz one morning, and engaged a small, inexpensive room at the Elephant Hotel. We had traveled with slender luggage; and a single suit, made to do for all emergencies, had begun to show signs of faithful service. We were both in the same condition, our clothes

torn in many places and woefully lacking as to buttons. My friend, in the spirit of economy, proposed that we should be our own menders, and forthwith went out to purchase necessary materials. On his return, just for a lark, he sat down on the table tailorwise, and, giving me his coat to work on, attacked mine with great energy. While we were thus absorbed, the hotel steward came, according to police regulation, to get our names. To our surprise, he did not seem in the least astonished to see us at our unfamiliar occupation. We were, however, much amused later, and determined to stick to our rôles, when, in looking over the register, we found our names inscribed thus: 'T. Leschetizky, I. A. Bacher, tailors.'

"We were then on our homeward journey, and, reaching Vienna, found the city in a state of great confusion. The victories of Austria; her political attitude as opposed to that of Hungary; the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand in favor of his nephew Francis Joseph, then only eighteen years of age—these affairs occupied

him so that he found time for nothing else. Abandoning music as a career, he nevertheless cultivated it assiduously as a pastime, and loved to hear others sing and to sing himself. It was a real pleasure to accompany him, and one I enjoyed frequently. One day, as I rested from my practising, watching the birds on a tree near my window, I suddenly beheld Nestroy seated on the hedge a few feet from the house. He had a pencil and was writing, resting the paper on his knees. I called out that I would bring him a chair, but he begged me not to do so. 'This is my favorite spot for writing,' said he, in his gay, affable manner. 'When I listen to your playing my ideas come fast, and so when I hear you begin I come and sit on this hedge.'"

In those days Ischl was famous as a summer resort, not only for fashionable people, but for all persons of note. Young Leschetizky met there, besides Meyerbeer and Nestroy, Dessauer, the poets Bauernfeld, Mosenthal, and the famous Professor Unger; while Bismarck and the celebrated

wife and two children. The object of the visit to us was flattering. He had come to ask me to teach one of his daughters. Previous to this I had met him at Dessauer's, and it was to the latter's recommendation that I owed Meyerbeer's confidence. I taught the young lady for two seasons. Later she married the famous painter, Richter. My relations with Meyerbeer were very pleasant, and of great advantage to me. I had tried my hand at writing opera, and my first attempt, 'Die Brüder von San Marco,' I played to him. Meyerbeer's advice was helpful and encouraging.

"I found another delightful acquaintance in the celebrated author Nestroy, whose plays, 'Eulenspiegel,' 'Der Talisman,' and others, are still given. He was then living not far from us. He had a magnificent bass voice, and in his youth had sung at the Vienna Opera. He made his successful début as Sarastro in the 'Magic Flute.' He might have earned his laurels as the greatest comedian of the day; but his muse for writing importuned

him so that he found time for nothing else. Abandoning music as a career, he nevertheless cultivated it assiduously as a pastime, and loved to hear others sing and to sing himself. It was a real pleasure to accompany him, and one I enjoyed frequently. One day, as I rested from my practising, watching the birds on a tree near my window, I suddenly beheld Nestroy seated on the hedge a few feet from the house. He had a pencil and was writing, resting the paper on his knees. I called out that I would bring him a chair, but he begged me not to do so. 'This is my favorite spot for writing,' said he, in his gay, affable manner. 'When I listen to your playing my ideas come fast, and so when I hear you begin I come and sit on this hedge.'"

In those days Ischl was famous as a summer resort, not only for fashionable people, but for all persons of note. Young Leschetizky met there, besides Meyerbeer and Nestroy, Dessauer, the poets Bauernfeld, Mosenthal, and the famous Professor Unger; while Bismarck and the celebrated

Count Sandor represented the world of diplomacy.

Many of Count Sandor's eccentricities probably will not find place in his biography as a man of affairs; but those who knew him personally can scarcely mention his name without recalling some startling experience connected with him. Leschetizky was one day dining at his friend Dessauer's. The apartment was several floors up, and the guests were naturally not a little surprised to see the count riding into the dining-room on horseback. Indeed, his horses were quite as well accustomed to climbing stairs as are other animals to walking on level ground. On another occasion Leschetizky, Meyerbeer, and again Dessauer were lunching in a garden restaurant. They had remained rather late, and were sitting in a secluded spot. Suddenly the sprightly count appeared on his favorite pony, which immediately jumped up on a vacant table, stepping gingerly from one to another till it reached the astonished trio, who knew not what to expect next. Chancing to meet

an aristocratic friend out driving one day Sandor stepped up to her equipage to greet her. They remained some time in conversation, and when the lady finally signaled her coachman to proceed, the carriage moved not a foot, notwithstanding the efforts of the horses, urged by repeated lashes of the whip. The lady became alarmed, and when her coachman turned toward her to reassure her and excuse himself, he saw that Count Sandor's hand, resting on one of the wheels, was the cause of the trouble. He had been unable to resist the temptation of displaying his herculean strength in this little prank at his friend's expense.

Among the many beautiful and interesting spots in the immediate vicinity of Ischl, Wildenstein must offer, I think, special attractions to tourists. The road leading to it is steep and in many places rough, but when the spring air is loaded with the perfume of nature's best promises, the long walk under the arching forest trees does not seem long; and the magnificent view that Wildenstein offers to all

intrepid enough to make its ascent is one not easily forgotten, even by the most blasé traveler. A savage, rocky ruin where once stood a stately castle dating back to the eleventh century, it takes its name from the robber baron Wildenstein, who inhabited it in the fourteenth, and whose legendary record still lives in the traditions of the Ischl country. A youthful reminiscence of Leschetizky is recalled by this name. It was on a summer evening, one of those very warm evenings when not a leaf stirs. A company of young people were going home after a dance. They walked gaily along, laughing and joking, and in the dark stillness trying to frighten each other with hints of ghosts and brigands. One of the ladies, precisely the one that Theodore most admired, remarked that men *talk* a great deal about courage, but that she would wager there was no one present who would dare go up to Wildenstein at that time of night. The challenge was, to say the least, startling, and the insinuation not to be brooked by a Pole. The idea that any one, especially

a woman, could doubt his courage, made Theodore's blood boil; and in an instant, with assumed indifference, he said: "I will go." "What, at this hour?" cried the others. "Impossible; we would never allow it." "Nevertheless," pursued the indomitable youth, "I am going." His word had been given: the more they tried to dissuade him, the more determined he was. It was calculated that it would take about an hour to reach Wildenstein from the spot where they then stood, and they decided that when Theodore had attained the ruin he should fire two shots from his *Terzerol*.[1] The young people were at heart not sorry to prolong the delightful evening, and for the first half-hour or more chatting and joking made the time pass rapidly enough. But soon conversation flagged somewhat, then ceased altogether. The women began to regret that they had not forced Theodore to be reasonable, each one privately blaming herself or her neighbor. Theodore's dainty partner inwardly inveighed against her imprudent wager,

[1] A small pistol.

now that she clearly saw the frightful consequences. Anxiety increased, and in low voices they discussed the various kinds of danger to which he was exposed. With true feminine instinct, any definite horror, as it appeared to each mind, was carefully unuttered; but they gave voice to speculations like the following: the branch of a tree might poke his eyes out; he might violently stub his toe and roll downhill, or perhaps see Raubritter Wildenstein's ghost and faint from fright. More and more terrified, they listened with beating hearts. The young men did their best to reassure the young women. According to them, it was nothing to explore Wildenstein at midnight—a mere bagatelle, which any man would willingly undertake, but for the necessity of relinquishing the charming society of the ladies. Nevertheless, each furtively looked at his watch, and, ascertaining that the hour was past, fervently prayed for the expected signal.

In the meantime our hero had gone to his lodgings in search of his Terzerol. He took the shortest but worst road to his

destination, and climbed lightly up the steep ascent, grasping the overhanging branches for support. Disregarding the sinister shadows to the right and left, resolutely stifling the dread of the unknown in his heart, he kept straight on, his cigar in his teeth. The unreasoning fears of a vivid imagination are severe tests of physical courage, and I am inclined to believe that as he neared the summit and finally felt the loose stones which mark the immediate approach to the ruin roll under his feet, Theodore was not sorry that he was soon to turn his face toward his companions again. As he stood in the ruin he heard a noise, a weird, muffled sound, as of one moving in the broken archways. On all sides, like burning coals, fiery eyes looked into his. For one fearsome moment the screeching of hundreds of night-birds and the whirring of owls and bats threw Theodore in a panic. Then two pistol-shots were answered by faint shouts from below, while the little kingdom, disturbed for the first time in untold years, raised a vigorous vocal protest, forcing the

intruder to beat a hasty, not unwilling retreat. The sky was assuming the rosiness of dawn as Theodore appeared at the end of the avenue, to be received with plaudits and congratulations by his expectant friends.

How many charming memories this period of Leschetizky's life recalls! How many names which bring the dear malicious smile into the kind brown eyes as he recounts one anecdote after another! The following one seems to throw further light on his character. Theodore and a number of friends once undertook an excursion on the Chaffberg in Wolfgansee. It was a beautiful day, and the party walked gaily along, stopping only occasionally to enjoy the wonderful scenery from several noted vantage-points. Nothing was further from their minds than the possibility of bad weather; but all of a sudden the bright blue sky took on chalky, yellowish tints, a sharp wind arose, big drops began to fall, and soon the rain in torrents. No house in sight, and a long way to shelter in either direction! It seemed useless to turn

back; rather better to push forward to a restaurant on the top of the hill. The earth drenched and slippery, the rain running rapidly down in gulleys, made walking difficult; but by keeping their thoughts intent on the good hot coffee and warm room awaiting them, the resolute youths managed to keep to their feet. They made their appearance in the dining-hall of the restaurant looking more like drowned rats than the young dandies that they were, usually conspicuous for their correct attire. And the innkeeper, with characteristic mountaineer good humor, ushered them to another room, where they took off their dripping clothes and hung them up to dry before a roaring fire. After which the gay party, now quite in the state of nature and in a humor very much the reverse of cheerful, huddled together to cover their embarrassment. Never without an expedient, Theodore suddenly conceived a brilliant idea. Why not take down the curtains and lambrequins and don them as Roman drapery? The ceiling being low, the execution of his plan was

they all, a quarter of an hour later, costumed as the Druids in "Norma," armed [illegible] as slaves, they filed into the [illegible] singing in loud voices. All the ladies and servants were soon on the scene to witness the strange sight, and the [illegible] in whom the love of a [illegible] outweighed the love of propriety [illegible] the hearty laugh over the masquerade.

Leschetizky became acquainted with Bülow probably during the time the latter was studying law in Leipzig. The circumstances of his first visit to the subsequently great interpreter of Beethoven are amusing. Bülow happened not to be at home, and the maid who answered Theodore's ring very naturally asked what name she was to give Herr Bülow on his return. Like many others living chiefly in a world of abstract ideas, Leschetizky has always been absent-minded, and, strange as it may seem, at that moment he could not recall his own name. Thrusting his hand first in one pocket, then in another, in feverish search of a card, and unable to find one,

he realized what a sorry figure he presented, and made a violent rush for the stairs. Reaching the foot he suddenly remembered his name, and seeing the maid peering curiously after the strange visitor, shouted back: "Leschetizky!" Bülow afterward told him that the girl had related the incident with [illegible] details descriptive of his wild appearance and dishevelled hair, prefacing her account with: "An idiot named Leschetizky called to-day."

About that time Theodore became acquainted with the genial [illegible], Litolff, whose brilliant and at the same time romantic, playing and compositions had been exciting interest and enthusiasm through central and western Europe.

The social instinct at all times was very strong in Leschetizky. He [illegible] belonged to that class of musicians who were unable to find companionship in the possibilities of wider culture outside the ranks of their craft. We find him at twenty, a frequent visitor at the most aristocratic houses in Vienna, and at those of

easy, and a quarter of an hour later, costumed like the Druids in "Norma," armed with curtain-poles as staves, they filed into the kitchen, singing in loud voices. All the guests and servants were soon on the scene to witness the strange sight, and the restaurant-keeper, in whom the love of a good joke evidently outweighed the love of property, joined in the hearty laugh over the masquerade.

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About that time Theodore became acquainted with the genial, whole-souled Litolff, whose brilliant, at the same time romantic, playing and compositions had been exciting interest and enthusiasm through central and western Europe.

The social instinct at all times has been strong in Leschetizky. He has never belonged to that class of musicians who seem unable to find companionship or the possibilities of wider culture outside the ranks of their craft. We find him, at twenty, a frequent visitor at the most aristocratic houses in Vienna, and at those of

the great financial world—everywhere a favorite, not only on account of his amiable willingness to play, but also for his vivacious wit and conversational powers. Count Esterhazy, Count Taafe, Baron Zedlitz, Baron Königswarter,—of whom he tells amusing anecdotes,—the charming Mme. de Wertheinstein, her sister, Baroness Todesco, Baron Wodianer, Baron Münch de Bellinghausen, and Princess Lichtenstein), whom the reader may remember as a child assiduously practising at Lancut, are names which recall many pleasant evenings of Leschetizky's youth.

At the Villa Piccola in Ischl there is a small portrait, and I think that every one who sees it must take the same interest in it that I do. It represents a young girl. She is more than pretty, with an indefinable charm of expression: she looks down on you with a melancholy smile, and the capricious little nose is in piquant contrast to the serious, pensive eyes; she wears a dark high frock, a plain collar, and a cape; her hair is dressed simply—an alluring portrait in its exquisite simplicity

and grace. The picture is hung high, and I remember climbing on a chair to examine it closely and to note the date and signature—"Michel Stohl, 1859." Just then Leschetizky came in, and I asked the name of the lovely original.

"Ah!" sighed the master, and his expression saddened. "That is the ravishing Flora S——. I could not but give her all my thoughts. To her I dedicated 'Les Alouettes.' And," he continued, looking up at the picture, "how I loved her! She played both the piano and the zither very well. One of her admirers prided himself on having some knowledge of this instrument and was able to play duets with her; so I determined to learn also, and immediately set about finding an instructor. I ascertained that there was a teacher, and an exceptionally good one,—strangely enough, a washerwoman by trade,—who in her spare hours was glad to add to her income by giving lessons on this weird little instrument of the Alps. I went to her and began my studies on the spot. I soon found that her reputation was well earned.

She had real pedagogic talent, besides considerable natural musical ability. We got along famously, her honest round face broadening with pleasure every time we met, and she took note of my progress, complimenting me in her simple language on my ready understanding and facility. I retaliated by praising her teaching. In two weeks I proposed to Mlle. Flora to play with her anything she would select. She was delightfully surprised, and after that would play with me only. My rival worsted, I remained in full possession of the field. We played together a great deal, and I was perfectly happy—no! not perfectly, for I felt that it could not last. Flora belonged to a wealthy family. We might be allowed to enjoy ourselves for a while, but I knew that when the chains which bound my heart to hers were irreparably forged, some one would intervene to snap them asunder. It was better for me to be off. I realized it fully, and resolved to go far away from Vienna, into another land, other surroundings, where perhaps my thoughts could find peace."



Leschetizky's mother.

And thus closed the second romance of Leschetizky's young life. He felt a tremendous need of work in another and wider field. His thoughts had turned first to England, but he was dissuaded from this in favor of Russia, partly by an invitation received from Michel Stohl, an uncle of his friend, and aquarellist at the imperial court. Stohl encouraged him to come to Petersburg, offering as special inducement to give up to him two rooms in the apartment which he and the celebrated painter Van Haanen shared. In this way Theodore could be established comfortably among friends without severe strain on his meager resources. Small things frequently turn the current of events. Theodore abandoned the idea of going to London, and decided for St. Petersburg. He says: "My mother wept bitterly over the prospect of my departure; it seemed as if she could not be reconciled to the separation. Russia seemed so far away. In order to console her, I promised to return to Austria every summer and go with my parents to Ischl. My dear mother finally

"I was then unacquainted with Russian, and immediately realized that the Polish sister tongue was of no value. My friends were not at the landing to meet me. Michel Stohl had been commanded to appear at court that day; Van Haanen also was absent. It was well for me that I am gifted with independence of thought and action, for I was thrown entirely on my own resources and was obliged to make myself understood even without the use of speech. The shrieks of sailors, and other noises attendant on unloading merchandise and docking, increased my very natural mental confusion. Then came the scrupulous fulfilling of severe passport and custom-house regulations, which seem to include not only examination of papers, luggage, and person, but also invasion of the sanctum of conscience. Finally I had passed the lines, and, by the use of gestures and inarticulate sounds, had my movable property loaded on a cab. I was equipped with one word of the Russian language, the name of the street where my friends lived, and shouting 'Karavannaia!' to the

driver, I leaned back and hoped that he would take me there. Safely arrived at my friends' quarters, I found they had already done everything to make me welcome. Indeed, they had generously relinquished in my favor the two middle rooms, the quietest and pleasantest of the apartment. I felt at home immediately, and the society of the painters proved very agreeable."

Theodore found a number of friends in St. Petersburg besides the genial artists whose quarters he shared: chief among them, Anton Rubinstein, then occupying the position of Concertmaster at the court of the Grand Duchess Helen, sister-in-law of the Emperor; Henselt, already established in St. Petersburg for fourteen years; Baron Stieglitz, whom, as we have seen, Theodore had known in Vienna; and the Princess Ustinov (*née* Troubetskoï), whom he had met in Ischl, where she occupied a house in the same quarter as the Leschetizkys, and in whose salon he was frequently, I may say daily, to be seen. He lost no time in paying his respects at

the Palais Ustinov, where "the Princess received me with joyful cordiality and that freedom of manner which is characteristic of the Russians, and goes far toward endearing them to visiting strangers."

"She expressed a desire to introduce me to the imperial city, and shortly afterward I was invited to a gala-evening at her palace. I had been asked to come early, but arrived as the numerous lackeys were putting the finishing touches to the preparations in the great hall, lighted by hundreds of wax candles. Passing up the majestic stairway, decorated with exotic plants, I was admitted to the boudoir, where the Princess Ustinov, in full dress, was sitting before her psyche, while her maid, kneeling on the floor, fastened roses to her train. She belonged to that class of blonde beauties who, an Italian poet tells us, have been given to the nations of the North to console them for the absence of the sun. Her pale face was illumined by a pair of magnificent eyes, destined in time to assume a hard expression, and her haughty little mouth reminded one of a

jewel. She was smiling at that moment, a charming smile; and as she sat there, her handsome shoulders showing above her green velvet bodice, sparkling with diamonds which added splendor to the pearly tints of her skin, she was regally beautiful, and probably realized her beauty and its power. As I crossed the threshold she saw me reflected in a mirror, and greeted me affably, remarking that it was already late, that she had had her piano tuned, and that if I were not satisfied with its position I should have it moved to suit myself. 'It is your début in Petersburg, my dear Lesche [so she often called me], and I wish you to be perfectly comfortable at the instrument, so that no trifle may interfere with your making the best possible impression.' She then told me that she expected that evening the Countess Calergio, who had been a pupil of Liszt and Chopin, and herself a fine artist; that she was very curious to hear me play, but as she had the reputation of being slightly envious of other performers, it was not unlikely she would pick me to pieces merci-

lessly. I of course answered that I had already heard of the countess's ability, that I was most anxious to meet her, and that if she would only let me hear her play, I was willing to be cut up into bits—in fact, pay any price for the privilege."

The Countess Calergio was a woman of imposing presence. She treated Leschetizky with considerable hauteur. With due regard for her own composure, she kept herself aloof from all society till she finally advanced to the grand piano and, slowly taking off her long gloves, prepared to play. Her musical, and at the same time virile, preluding announced what her interpretation of selected compositions would be. She played the "Norma Fantasia" of Liszt, and other numbers. She had that scope, broad delivery, and large tone sometimes supposed to be the exclusive appanage of masculine readings, brilliancy of high order, and an unusual abandon and certainty. Leschetizky says: "After I had warmly expressed the very sincere admiration I felt, I remembered suddenly that I also would be expected

to play, and made up my mind to offer a little variety, as I felt that the finest pianistic effects would fall flat after the distinguished lady's enthusiastically received performance. When my turn came, stepping up to the countess, I said: 'Countess, you are the best amateur I have ever heard; but when one plays billiards with a professional it is customary to ask him for a handicap. Now I propose that you give me a theme or two on which to improvise.' She selected three: a folk-song, 'Wanka Tanka,' an air from 'The Huguenots,' and one from 'Don Giovanni.' I was in practice, with forms and passages well in my fingers, and, I may add, have always enjoyed improvising. When I had finished I was rewarded by the unmistakable evidences of the pleasure I had given. I then played a number of pieces and some compositions of mine, and must say that I was not indifferent to the approbation of the Countess Calergio, whom an artist could not but look upon as a colleague."

The countess, stepping up to Theodore and shaking hands with him, asked him to

dedicate one of his pieces to her, which the young composer promised to do, courteously adding, "When I shall write something too difficult for myself." He afterward offered her his "Perpetuum Mobile."

This evening is memorable for Leschetizky chiefly on account of the number of distinguished people whom he met. The Princess Ustinov, delighted by the success of her youthful protégé, made it her business to introduce him to all the notables present, both on that and subsequent occasions. "It was in her salon," says Leschetizky, "that I spoke for the first time with Comte de Nesselrode, chancellor of the empire. I studied with interest the face of this man who had had a personal acquaintance with the great Napoleon; had signed the treaties between France and Russia in 1814; had been party to all diplomatic negotiations of his day, the depositary of the most vital secrets—in short, played such an important part in the politics of Europe. He was very small, not impressive in bearing—a dry little man, his powerful individuality

showing only in the extremely bright eyes shining behind his spectacles. It was there also that I met Todleben; but in looking at the tall, stout man, I could not guess what wonders this gentle, unassuming, soft-spoken individual was to work in the interest of military fortifications, nor how his name would be for all time gloriously linked with the defense of Sebastopol."

My brother-in-law speaks with pleasure of the many other distinguished and charming people he met at the Palais Ustinov: among them the Comtesse de Ribeaupierre, daughter-in-law of the grand master of ceremonies at the imperial court, and the Princess Woronzov, both celebrated for wit and beauty. An amusing incident illustrating the despotism of the Russian government may be related here. Returning home one day, Leschetizky found a card: "M. Troubetskoï, *née* Prince Troubetskoï." The strange signature puzzled him. It seemed more like a joke than anything else. He learned later that the prince had been shorn of his title for his audacity in the matter of an elopement,

for very special reasons bitterly resented in high places.

Leschetizky's public début in St. Petersburg was delayed by an unforeseen and unfortunate circumstance. His concerts had already been advertised when Michel Stohl fell dangerously ill of typhoid fever. With characteristic generosity, Theodore immediately threw up his contracts and devoted himself to nursing his sick friend. Carrying him into his own more secluded rooms, he attended him constantly and devotedly, giving up all kinds of engagements, and refraining carefully from piano-playing for fear of disturbing his patient. Under his tender and efficient care Stohl was soon convalescent, and Theodore was able to resume his practising and give the postponed concerts. His début at the Michel Theater was almost immediately followed by offers of further engagements and applications of pupils; and in a short time Leschetizky's position in St. Petersburg was an assured one. Moreover, his frankness and amiability were everywhere appreciated, and brought him many warm

friends. At the house of Baron Stieglitz he was looked upon almost as a member of the family. He taught the baron's daughter, and the fifteen-year-old girl, according to a custom immemorially established among young women, became very fond of her teacher, offering him her tribute in the form of fruits and sweetmeats. One day, as Theodore was leaving the house, he found an enormous orange swelling his coat pocket. Probably he shared the prejudices of other young dandies with respect to such unsightly protuberances. At any rate, as he walked away he began peeling the fruit in order to get rid of it as soon as possible. As he was crossing a bridge opposite the baron's house, he turned to see the baroness and her daughter standing on the balcony. He immediately saluted the ladies, and thus found his hat in one hand, the orange peel in the other. A moment later he was blushing deeply to find that in a fit of absent-mindedness he had thrown his hat into the Neva, and carefully placed the orange-peel on his head.

CHAPTER VIII

A trip to Finland — The mysterious singer — Leschetizky is commanded to play before their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress of Russia — He enjoys dining with the beautiful maids of honor — He refuses to play on the court piano — Another imperial summons and a cold reception — His playing impresses and their majesties are once more gracious — A fashion introduced by Josephine — Anecdote of Rachel — Leschetizky engages a servant and buys a team of horses — Ajax — Theodore is enthralled by the charms of Mascha S—— — He plays the part of state courier.

IN the summer of 1853 Leschetizky determined to take a trip to Finland. Having two free months ahead of him, he went first to Helsingfors, where he gave a number of concerts for the benefit of the hospital. He then bought a small two-wheeled cart, and loaded it with smoked meats, preserves, tea, sugar, and all provisions necessary to a journey through a region where few inns were to be met.

A singular trip to strike a young man's fancy, this solitary driving through an endless verdant landscape dotted with frequent melancholy lakes, where a human being or habitation seldom cheered the traveler's eye! Nevertheless Theodore enjoyed the novelty of the situation, journeying sometimes even at night, which at that season was as clear as a shady day. The post-stations where he changed horses were primitive: a cabin of two or at most three rooms, offering no culinary conveniences, save a smoking samovar, by the aid of which the traveler was expected to make his own tea. Had it not been for the provisions he carried, the young artist might well have suffered from hunger. Leschetizky relates a strange episode of this journey: "It was nearly eleven o'clock one night before I descried, far away in the distance, the post-station where I was to find shelter till morning. Presently I heard faint strains of music, which seemed to grow louder and louder as I neared the cabin. The solitude of weeks had become oppressive, and I was

overjoyed; but as I crossed the threshold of the hut the sounds ceased immediately. The station-master, a sleepy, stupid-looking old fellow, brought the samovar, and I questioned him concerning the music and the musicians. But, whether he really could not understand Russian or was only another instance of the determination of the natives not to communicate in that language, he answered nothing; merely stood before me, smiling inanely. Much disgusted, I busied myself with unpacking my provisions, and, having eaten my frugal supper, lay down on the bed with my curiosity unsatisfied. My head had no sooner touched the pillow than I heard the music. I sat up in bed and listened. It was an expressive contralto voice of beautiful quality, singing a touching melody to the accompaniment of a *balalajka*.[1] Determined to find out who the singer was, I jumped up hastily, threw on my clothes, and, opening the door, went outside. No sooner had I left the room than the sounds

[1] A primitive Russian instrument, neither guitar nor banjo, but somewhat resembling both.

ceased. I searched the house in vain. The old man was snoring in a corner. I shook him well, loudly singing the melody I had heard, and gesticulating to make him understand that I must know the whereabouts of the original singer. Open-mouthed, stupefaction depicted on his heavy features, he listened dumbly. Obtaining nothing from him, I madly climbed a ladder leading up to the garret room. It was as light as day; I could see perfectly in every nook and cranny. The old man had clambered up after me, and was humbly standing near the wall. I had begun to suspect foul play, and seizing him roughly by the collar, showed him my pistol, explaining that I was determined to see the singer. He fell on his knees, raising his wrinkled hands in abject supplication. It was evident that he was idiotic and had no idea what I wanted. I began to pull up the boards; I rushed down the ladder and out into the air; I searched thoroughly all around the cabin; then, completely unnerved, gave myself up to gruesome conjecture. All the weird

stories of the 'White Lady' and other phantoms pursued one another in my brain. Convinced that some fearful tragedy had been enacted in that lonely spot and that the unfortunate victim called on me for redress, I spent two hours or more searching diligently for that voice. Finally, quite exhausted, I lay down, but not to rest: the singing began again, clear and distinct. Believing that I might be the victim of an hallucination, almost fearing that I had lost my mind, I took some ruled papers from my grip, and wrote the melody, with the accompaniment, just as I had heard it; and later, soothed by that mysterious song repeating itself over and over again, I went to sleep. When I woke it was ten o'clock and time to be off. The events of the night came back to me like a dream—but there on the floor near the bed lay the paper and the song!

"When the old man saw me he fell on his knees. His fears somehow restored my equanimity, and I laughingly tried to reassure him. I proceeded to hitch up my horse, in which operation he assisted with

„Motif Finlandais"





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great zeal. He stood on the threshold of his hut looking after me as I drove away; no doubt he took me for a madman. I had no sooner reached Viborg, the first town on my road, than I went straight to a music publisher and requested him to send all the folk-songs of Finland to my hotel. To my surprise, I found the melody that had so strangely come to me during that never-to-be-forgotten night. There it was, but with a less refined harmonization. I carried my version to the publisher, telling him of my experience. He begged me to leave my manuscript, and soon after the song appeared in print just as I had heard it."

This phenomenon occurred nearly fifty years ago. Leschetizky has not been able satisfactorily to solve the mystery. When he told the story I asked him to play the song, and, rising from the dinner-table, he went to the piano in his studio and gave it as reproduced on the preceding pages.

Leschetizky's gallantry toward women is illustrated by an incident of this Finnish trip. On returning, he found that ac-

quaintances of his (the Lichtentahl family, of the famous firm of piano manufacturers) were spending the summer at Helsingfors. As might be expected, he lost no opportunity of making himself agreeable, arranging walks, rides, and drives for the party. On one occasion the young people went fishing. Mlle. L—— was the first to catch anything, and as she drew in her prize she gave it to Theodore, laughingly adding that she would like to see how long he could keep it alive. The next day the Lichtentahls left for St. Petersburg, Theodore remaining two weeks longer in Finland. On reaching the city of the czars, he called on the young lady and returned the fish, which she was naturally much surprised to find alive and prospering in a small barrel that Theodore had carried about on his journey, changing the water himself every day. This little incident plainly marks a strong characteristic of Leschetizky—a certain quixotism in burdening himself with troublesome trifles in a desire to please his friends.

Leschetizky relates the circumstances attending his presentation at the court of Nicholas I. "Not long after my return to St. Petersburg, I received a summons from Count de Ribeaupierre, grand master of ceremonies, ordering me to Peterhof, where their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, wished to hear me play. I also received instructions to appear with a smooth-shaven face, such being the imperial command for all presented at court. I was naturally flattered at being invited to Peterhof; but the necessity of sacrificing my young beard, which had never so far felt the razor's edge, and of which I was exceedingly proud, vexed me considerably. At the same time I knew that an imperial order is absolute, and resigned myself to the inevitable. Nodin, the French tenor, then in St. Petersburg, had likewise been commanded to appear, and he came to my rooms to ask me to accompany him in his songs, which of course I promised to do.

"I started early next morning. Nodin, having a rehearsal at the opera, was to

follow later. Peterhof is only a short distance from St. Petersburg, and a number of boats make the trip daily. When we steamed up to the landing, I noticed an elegant carriage with footmen in red, gold-braided livery waiting near the pier. It had been sent for me, and I was driven to the palace, where I was met by the major-domo and conducted to the handsome apartment prepared for me. I freshened up my toilet a little; then, having nothing else to do, leaned out of a window to contemplate a splendid view of the park. I remember the big trees, their yellow leaves in contrast to the luxuriance of the flowers and grass kept up by artificial means; the fountains with nymphs and Tritons and artistic waterfalls, dating back to the beginning of the eighteenth century and carrying my thoughts into Russia's past, to the history of the brutal, energetic Peter the Great, the first to afford a glimmer of civilization to his semi-barbarous people.

"A light tapping at the door interrupted my meditations. It was the *fourrier* com-

ing to inquire whether I preferred being served apart, or eating at the *Marschaltafel* with the ladies of honor and other persons connected with the court. I have never been a hermit by choice, so decided on the latter, which would be livelier and where I might see the beautiful maids of honor. The meal was delightful; every one seemed pleased to see a new guest at the table, and I myself certainly enjoyed the conversation of these cultured young women, who chattered reservedly as women will with strangers, but knew how to impart a certain flavor of originality to their small talk. This was all well and good, but I was anxious about the piano and the hall where I was to play. No one seemed able to give me any information on these points. After applying in vain to a number of persons, I tackled the *fourrier*, and ascertained that I was at last addressing the proper party. Taking me through a park, he pointed out a charming little building on an island as the music-pavilion. I naturally felt that I must try the piano. So, at my request, we embarked

for the island. What was my disappointment to find the instrument so bad that playing on it was out of the question! I declared that I would not attempt it. The *fourrier*, struck dumb with amazement—what, not play when I had received an imperial command?—did not seem to have any suggestions to offer, and I took my departure as rapidly as possible. That evening I was in St. Petersburg, while Nodin, much disappointed at my defection, nevertheless sang, to the probably inadequate accompaniment of one of the maids of honor.

"For my part, I felt sure that I would be disgraced and probably receive orders to leave Russia at once, this conviction increasing a few days afterward on my meeting Count de Ribeaupierre, in whom I thought I noticed an alarming stiffness of manner. I was therefore much surprised when, a week later, a red-liveried footman brought me a letter in which the grand master of ceremonies summoned me for the second time to Peterhof. The count directed me to go first to Wirth, a

celebrated manufacturer of the day, and select a piano, the firm having been notified to send the instrument of my choice to Peterhof. Two days later I started again for the imperial residence; but at the landing I looked in vain for the carriage and footmen, and was obliged to content myself with a cab. Reaching the palace, a gray-liveried individual conducted me to a modest little room, very different from the elegant apartment assigned me the first time. As before, I was invited to the *Marschaltafel*, and, observing a certain coldness toward me, was forced to the conclusion that the court were sneezing because the Emperor had taken snuff; that, according to Russian ideas, I deserved punishment for having insulted the imperial piano in the imperial pavilion, and must submit to the disdain of the entire company. At about half-past eight in the evening I was conducted to a large hall in the palace. The piano was already there; but as I did not dare touch it, I gave myself up to admiring the splendid hall with its thousands of wax candles burning in

crystal chandeliers and reflected in immense mirrors, and its handsome inlaid floors and heavy yellow damask window-draperies. Presently I heard a vague sound; it was like an approaching silence. The door was thrown open, and a number of pages came in, lining themselves up against the wall to give passage to a lady and her attendants. It was the Empress, Maria Feodorovna. Her face, framed in long curls, had been beautiful; the eloquent countenance expressed both pride and benignity; she was tall and very thin; in one of her small gloved hands she carried a little fan. Walking straight up to me, she held out the other hand, which I kissed respectfully. Then she said: 'What are you going to let us hear? Play "La Chanson du Pêcheur."' I played it; but as I began another piece at the Empress's request, I was interrupted by the soft tread of many feet. The door opposite the one which had given passage to the Empress opened wide, and Emperor Nicholas appeared with his suite. He was tall, majestic, and of much personal magnetism

—an ideal masculine figure. His brilliant uniform of tight-fitting white trousers and green coat with red piping made him all the more imposing. According to etiquette, every one had risen. Going up to the Empress and asking her to be seated, he remained for some moments in conversation with her. Then he approached me, and in excellent German immediately began to speak of the Revolution of 1848. His handsome blue eyes had a candid yet scrutinizing look; his voice was one of the most sonorous I have ever heard: 'You took part in the Revolution and belonged to the Academic Legion. You retired in June. You did well—it was then that anarchy set in.' 'Yes, your Majesty; I had had enough,' I replied guardedly, preferring not to become involved in discussion on the divine rights of kings and emperors or the errors of socialism with the mighty autocrat—feeling, moreover, that after my behavior with regard to the imperial piano in the imperial pavilion I had better acquiesce, at least outwardly, in imperial opinions. He asked me a number of ques-

tions, and I confess that I was surprised to meet with so much courtesy in such a tyrant. Then, turning to the Empress, he said, 'We do not wish to interrupt the music any further.' Nicholas was musical himself and took a lively interest in all things connected with music; his presence was a stimulating influence. I played some brilliant Liszt numbers, and, at the request of the Empress, some of my own compositions. At about half-past ten the Emperor rose, and in taking leave of the Empress kissed her on the forehead. Then he walked away, followed by his ministers and all who had come with him. The same impressive silence that marked his entrance prevailed at his exit—no sound save the treading of feet on the polished floor. After his departure I continued playing for the Empress, and our evening was prolonged till midnight.

"When I was shown to my room, I was much astonished to find that I had been taken back to the handsome apartment that I had occupied on my first visit to Peterhof. My grip had preceded me, and

a footman in red gold-braided livery was waiting to offer me his services. In the morning I breakfasted at the *Marschaltafel*, and noted that my treatment was very different from that of the two meals on the previous day.

"I played twice again at the court of Nicholas I. On one of these occasions Rachel, the world-renowned tragedienne, also took part, giving La Fontaine's 'Les Deux Pigeons,' a reading for which she was justly celebrated. It is well known that this famous artist's private life was not blameless, and Theodore relates that the Empress, though anxious to hear her, offered strenuous objections to her presentation at court. The Emperor's wish, however, carried the day, and after the reading the Empress herself stepped up to congratulate the incomparable reader. According to the fashion introduced by Josephine, wife of Napoleon I, who, to conceal her bad teeth, always held a handkerchief before her mouth while speaking, women of fashion were never without costly bits of lace, which they used con-

spicuously. In fact, the most appalling extravagance in the quality of handkerchiefs prevailed for a considerable period. During the course of conversation the Empress dropped hers; but Mlle. Rachel, either because her gorgeous costume made it difficult for her to stoop, or for other reasons, pretended not to see it. Some one naturally came forward; and the Empress, offended at her outrageous breach of etiquette, immediately turned her back on the queen of tragedy, who stood quite unconcerned and splendid in her majestic beauty. Theodore was near by during this little episode, and reports that those were not wanting to remonstrate with Rachel for her open disregard of majesty. "And why should I stoop?" was her calm rejoinder. When reminded that she owed respect to the Empress, if not as such, at least as mother of a family, she gave the disdainful answer which has been recorded: "And I, then!" Unnecessary to add that Rachel was never again invited to court.

Leschetizky was so well satisfied with

the conditions of life in St. Petersburg that at one time he thought of settling there for good. His numerous concert engagements and his many pupils brought him an income sufficient to allow him certain luxuries. He was even able to keep a servant, the faithful Stepane, of whose devotion I shall have occasion to speak. At that time Theodore bought a pair of carriage-horses and later a superb mount. He owned also a splendid coal-black Newfoundland dog which excited admiration wherever he went.

Ajax was his master's pride, and his intelligence made him a useful member of the household and enabled him to act as messenger in carrying written orders to a shop in the neighborhood, whence he faithfully brought back baskets of provisions for the gay little suppers for which Leschetizky's bachelor quarters were noted. One day Theodore was walking along the Newsky Prospect, Ajax following, when a handsomely dressed man jumping from a sleigh came up to him and said: "Whenever I see your dog I am devoured

with jealousy. Look at my rig!" Theodore gazed admiringly at the graceful sleigh and costly bearskin robe, the magnificent horse pawing the ground, every nerve in his fine limbs vibrating with impatience to be off. "All that is yours," pursued the stranger, "if you will give me the dog." Theodore, affectionately patting Ajax's head, answered: "I cannot part from my friend." And all his friends knew well that they could give him no greater pleasure than by inviting his four-footed companion wherever they invited him. One day the dog received a dainty perfumed note by mail. Ajax was politely invited to dinner, and, if he thought best, to bring his master with him. On the writing-table in the pupils' waiting-room at Leschetizky's villa in Vienna is seen a handsome desk-set in malachite and bronze, gift of the Grand Duchess Helen of Würtemberg. The upper part of the artistic paper-weight can be lifted to disclose a daguerreotype portrait of Ajax; and in Leschetizky's diary I find inscribed the date of the dog's death.

My brother-in-law is very fond of souvenirs of the past. In his music-room hangs a painting—an interior. I have heard it said that in a man's environment is found the key to his character. The elderly man sitting in the arm-chair is Mr. Heimburger, one of Theodore's best friends. What a charming thought, to offer a friend a portrait taken in cozy surroundings where so many pleasant hours have been spent! This picture awakens in Leschetizky's mind memories of some of the happiest hours of his life. It was there that for the first time he met Mascha S——.

Theodore was enthralled by the charms of that fascinating maiden. She was the daughter of a court physician, and, in order to further her musical studies, was brought to St. Petersburg, where she boarded in the family of a Protestant clergyman. It was Mr. Heimburger who presented the young girl to her future teacher. Leschetizky says that Mascha was the wittiest person he has ever met. She had, too, a charm of manner that cap-

tivated every one, even women—a remarkable circumstance, as she was very pretty and the center of attention wherever she went. Outside of lessons the young people met frequently at the houses of friends and acquaintances. Among Mascha's adorers was a Mr. E——, who had boasted that he would make her his wife. The young girl, however, entertained only feelings of aversion for, or at best indifference to, a man singularly unprepossessing in appearance and of notoriously profligate character. Regardless of her sentiments, or, more probably, piqued into persistency by her utter lack of response, E—— assiduously paid his court. Meanwhile Mascha was diligently pursuing her studies, and, feeling that she owed her rapid progress to Leschetizky, was ever more and more willing to be with him. As for Theodore, he was soon madly in love with her; but, either because of the bitterness of past experience, or because of her innocent beauty, inspiring him with peculiar reverence, he steeled himself to the utmost reserve

with his pupil, contemplating her loveliness in silence and content if only he could be near her. In the meantime he was preparing to make a journey to Vienna to celebrate his parents' silver jubilee. It happened that the Austrian ambassador, Count Esterhazy, casting about for a person to whom could be intrusted letters for the department of foreign affairs, had suggested Leschetizky's name. A sealed wallet containing important papers was confided to the young artist, who was to enjoy the privilege of traveling without expense and with the greatest possible comfort and speed. A basket of provisions awaited him at every post-station and was put into the light open carriage, halting only as long as was necessary for a change of horses, so that day and night the courier sped along. On the fifth day his vehicle lost a wheel, but as state messenger he was immediately provided with another by the proprietor of the estate where the accident occurred, and reached Warsaw in time to take the train for Vienna.

On his arrival at the Austrian capital,

Leschetizky arranged for a little banquet at the Hotel Elizabeth in honor of the silver jubilee of his parents. Besides the family, a number of intimate friends were invited. "My mother," says Theodore, "was at that time still very pretty. She had a keen wit and broad intelligence. Altogether she was a superior and most charming woman. She was, moreover, a fine housekeeper. I do not remember ever seeing my mother idle. She supervised every detail, and nothing escaped her scrutiny. Dust she could not abide; and I still remember the really fascinating way in which she was wont to shake her dust-cloth out of the open window. Sometimes, to tease, I would mimic her, scolding her for her zeal, as I really feared that on some bitter winter day she might catch a serious cold. My relations with my mother were still those of my childhood: I adored her. I respected rather than loved my father; and, whereas I told my mother everything, there was no question of such confidence between my father and me."

CHAPTER IX

The dinner given by Baron Stieglitz—Leschetizky tells Mascha of his love—A refusal—Theodore's illness—A charming incident at Strelno—Leschetizky becomes concertmaster at the court of the Grand Duchess Helen—He gives lessons to Mlle. Anne de Friedebourg, and falls in love with her—The scientist Beer and his overshoes—The grand duchess's love of gossip—Leschetizky and his "breakfast of the third class"—A rustic *iausa*—Leschetizky acquires a corner in cabs.

THEODORE'S stay in Vienna was not long, and the autumn found him back in St. Petersburg. Questions relating to the Crimean War were then uppermost in all minds. The outcome seemed unfavorable to Russia, and the Emperor was nervous and unapproachable. Turkey had powerful allies in France and England, the Russian army was small and not so well organized as the enemy's; the general state of affairs, and particularly Menzikov's de-

feat on the banks of the Alma, caused well-founded anxiety.

Of Leschetizky's private concerns he speaks himself: "I was continually pursued by Mascha's image, and all my thoughts revolved around the moment when I should see her again. In the beginning I had imagined that it was only a temporary infatuation, but far away from her I realized that mine was a much deeper feeling, and that she was essential to my happiness. Mascha made no attempt to conceal her delight when we met again. She did not know I had returned to St. Petersburg, and had no suspicion that I would be at Heimburger's that evening; and when she saw me enter, she ran toward me with a little cry of unaffected joy that filled me with happiness; then a most becoming blush covered her face and neck. As for me, I was like one sailing on a cloud, and then and there resolved to lose no time in asking her to be my wife.

"It was at a dinner given by Baron Stieglitz. How well I remember that mag-

nificently lighted hall, the great dining-table resplendent with glass- and silver-ware, the well-trained servants gliding about, the fragrance of hothouse flowers, and the delicious aroma of great roasts—the men and women in full dress! Mascha sat opposite me—her partner, the detested E——, feasting his greedy eyes on her beauty. After dinner there was dancing. Mascha did not join in it; pretexting fatigue, she retired to a conservatory, where, in a few moments, I joined her. Seated in a low arm-chair, surrounded by flowering plants, she seemed herself a young flower made only to be cherished. I sat down beside her, and, taking her hand in mine, said with all the tenderness I felt: 'Mascha, I love you.' But the words froze on my lips. I saw her start, and the look of a hunted fawn came into her eyes. Mine followed hers, now fixed on the door, and dilating more and more as though under the influence of some evil charm. On the threshold stood E——, his bleary eyes staring into her lovely, frightened face.

"Some days later, during a lesson,—I re-

member it all so well; we were playing a four-handed arrangement of Mendelssohn's 'Melusine Ouvertüre,'—I reiterated my confession, and, encouraged by her delicious tremulousness, begged her to unite her lot with mine. It was a decisive moment. The young girl lowered her eyes, and she replied in a voice shaking with emotion. 'We are not made for each other,' she answered; 'we are so different, we could never be happy together.'"

For three weeks straw deadened the sound of passing vehicles before Baron Felleisen's house. The janitor, red-nosed and impassive, standing at the door of his lodge, was questioned many times daily as to who was so seriously ill in the house. The physician had given strict orders, and Theodore's numerous friends and acquaintances were met by the inflexible Stepane, who displayed great decision and energy when any one sought to force admittance. Brain-fever carried Theodore to death's door, but, thanks to his good constitution, he rallied, and little by little showed signs of returning strength. One day, still weak

and wasted by illness, he was making an effort to sit up in his arm-chair, when Stepane, coming in, remarked mysteriously: "*Barine*, there is a lady down-stairs who says she must speak with you. She is so thickly veiled that I cannot see her face, but she insists that she has the means of curing you." And, before Theodore could reply, a woman glided in and stood before him. She dropped her mantle and raised her veil. It was Mascha, worn and pale with anxiety and remorse, and to the man more beautiful than ever in her grief for him. Suddenly she threw herself sobbing on his neck. "Forgive me—I love thee, I am thine!" Theodore, gently smoothing the hair on the girl's forehead, held her in his arms a moment. Then he released her and shook his head: "No, Mascha, you had decided for the best. If you will, let us remain friends."

Mascha's visit had no evil consequence other than a sleepless night for both. Theodore's convalescence was rapid, and he was soon able to go about again. His illness had been his cure; love had devel-

oped into friendship. The young people were often seen together driving, at concerts, and at the theater, but there was never even a breath of scandal as to the nature of their intimacy.

That winter was an eventful one for Russia and all Europe. The Turks and their allies were continually victorious, and the terrible defeat on the plains of Inkerman utterly discouraged Emperor Nicholas. After a severe illness, brought about by anxiety, the monarch expired on February 2, 1855. Owing to ill health, Menzikov was obliged to give up his command after Sebastopol, and the feeling in St. Petersburg was intense. On the Emperor's death, Mascha's father retired from court; and his family waited only for favorable weather to undertake the long carriage journey to Dorpat.

In Leschetizky's words: "Mascha said to me sadly: 'To-morrow is the day fixed for my departure. I am going alone. I know that all my friends will be at the station to see me off; I will have to shake hands with you like the others—I shall not

even be able to shake hands with you last!'"

It was in the latter part of May, and nature, waking to the kisses of the sun, was giving out her balmiest perfumes. Resting against the cushions of the carriage and dreaming of the friends she was leaving behind, Mascha bowled rapidly along the road to Dorpat. At Strelno, the first station where the horses were changed, she was leaning out of the window when a figure on horseback appeared before her. It was Theodore, who, after bidding good-by to his pupil in presence of her friends, had disappeared and secretly galloped on ahead. Mascha joyfully leaped out of the carriage, and the two young people hurried to the pavilion of the restaurant, where a dainty feast was spread, the chief item of which was two half-bottles of champagne brought by Theodore, one in each boot.

Mascha and Theodore shook hands and parted as friends; but in my heart I believe it was not without sighs and perhaps a furtive tear.

Many years later, Leschetizky met again this woman he had loved so well. She had faced her life's problem and solved it by a loveless union, and found her happiness in maternal duties, in the education of a daughter in whom nature had repeated the charms and gifts of her mother.

Baron Felleisen, with whom Leschetizky was very intimate and who was his frequent companion on his long horseback rides, persuaded Theodore to spend the summer at Peterhof, and a few weeks later the young artist was occupying a pretty *datscha*[1] which he had rented for several months, expecting to spend not only the summer but also the autumn in that charming spot. In September, however, something occurred which caused him materially to change his plans. As we have seen, Anton Rubinstein had been occupying the position of Concertmaster at the court of the Grand Duchess Helen, sister-in-law to Emperor Nicholas. Deciding to go on an extended concert tour, he warmly recommended Leschetizky as

[1] A Russian villa.

his successor, advising his friend to accept the desirable post. Theodore did accept, but only on condition of retaining his personal freedom, especially the right of keeping his private pupils and of occupying, during the winter, his own apartment, conveniently situated near the Michel palace. His duties were to consist in arranging everything relative to music at court, and in directing the vocal studies of the Grand Duchess Catharine, daughter of the Grand Duchess Helen, and of Mlle. Anne de Friedebourg (Carlowna), one of the ladies of honor, a young woman destined to play an important part in his life. She was not beautiful, but there was remarkable distinction in her appearance and manners. She sang wonderfully. A pupil of Viardot Garcia, her method was perfect, and as for the depth of sentiment she expressed, I can only repeat what Anton Rubinstein said: "That voice was a tear." It was the grand duchess's wish that her gifted young protégée should become acquainted with the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and others

of the German school; and it was with great zeal that Leschetizky undertook his task. Friendship was the inevitable consequence of these studies, a friendship which, maturing into a warmer feeling on one side, was not to lead to happiness for either.

The Grand Duchess Helen was a woman of superior intellect and, what is probably rarer, of good common sense. Her active mind assimilated all subjects. She took a keen interest in science, and was a devout admirer of the arts, especially music. Her great wealth made her court as splendid as her brother-in-law's, the center of all artistic enterprise and the meeting-place of the wits, men of science, and artists of the day. She herself was the most interesting figure at the court of Russia, and played an important part in politics during the reign of Alexander II, who succeeded his father Nicholas I. There is an amusing incident illustrating her cordiality toward men of parts. The scientist Beer, whose work in ichthyology won for him the cognomen Fischbeer, was

always welcomed by the grand duchess, who received him at any time. One day she carried her condescension so far as to meet him in the antechamber. Surprised by the sudden appearance of the distinguished lady, Beer, in his anxiety to make himself presentable as soon as possible, kicked off his heavy overshoes with such energy that one of them, flying at a tangent, narrowly escaped striking the grand duchess in the face; and while the man of science, nearly beside himself with embarrassment, inwardly cursed his awkwardness, the proud representative of the most despotic court in Europe only laughed at his discomfiture.

The Grand Duchess Helen and her court spent the summers at Oranienbaum, on the Gulf of Finland. The palace was built in the beginning of the eighteenth century by the prime minister of Peter the Great, Prince Alexander Danilowitsch Menzikov, and was confiscated when the disgraced favorite was sent to Siberia, with his family, to expiate his almost unprecedented rise from the lowest origin to the highest

official position and his misappropriation of state funds. The palace became the residence of the imperial family and later passed to the Grand Duke Michel.

Theodore took possession of a little apartment on the first floor in one of the wings of the palace. Residence at Oranienbaum was delightful, and the young artist had within a short time won his way to every one's sympathy. The country and the summer season were taken as pretexts for relaxing the rigidity of court etiquette as it existed at St. Petersburg, and a considerable degree of freedom prevailed. The grand duchess, who was very fond of conversation, frequently invited Leschetizky to breakfast or to lunch with her and one or more of her maids of honor; and whenever he came to receive her commands she always detained him for a little chat. Notwithstanding her superior intellect, she indulged in petty gossip; and the witty Theodore knew well how to amuse her, often, no doubt, at the expense of others. She was continually asking him to tell her all the news; nor

were small items of scandal beneath her notice. Sometimes it happened that Leschetizky hesitated on the threshold of a shady story; but he was always encouraged to proceed: "Go on, my dear Lesche, go on; but not too broad, you know, not too broad." She delighted in hearing tales setting forth the weaknesses of her acquaintances, as is shown by one of Leschetizky's anecdotes. "One day I ventured on a bit of gossip that had leaked out, as these things often do, through a seamstress working for the singer Mme. Soloman Nissen, whose close-fistedness was well known. Mme. Nissen had ordered a *baschlyk*,—a sort of Russian hood,—and furnished as material an old pair of her husband's trousers. This story amused the grand duchess highly. In fact, she laughed until she cried, and her maid, Fräulein Schiebl, coming in at that moment, I was obliged to go over my narration for the benefit of this excellent but somewhat prudish spinster; she listened respectfully, not daring to disapprove but equally determined not to smile."

The grand duchess took a lively interest in the well-being of all retained at her court, and sometimes inquired of Leschetizky whether he were well served and comfortable. One day she learned through some of her maids of honor that Theodore's servant came every morning on horseback, and, stopping under a certain window, handed a basket up to his master. The grand duchess sent for Leschetizky and inquired if his coffee were so bad; for, as she said, the mysterious basket could contain nothing else than his breakfast. "Your Imperial Highness, yes," answered Theodore, laughing; "it is a bottle of cream that Stepane brings me, as well as some rolls of a kind I specially like. My coffee I prepare myself in the Viennese fashion." The grand duchess remarking that she would like to taste some of this superior coffee, Theodore solicited the honor of serving some to her Imperial Highness on the spot. It was decided, however, that she would give a picnic a few days later, when the young artist might prove his culinary talents for the benefit of the whole court.

Early next morning, his footman, in formal red, gold-braided livery, brought Theodore an enormous breakfast-tray. It was magnificently furnished with tea, coffee, and chocolate, a superb assortment of cold meats, butter, rolls, and biscuits piled high upon the finest gold-decorated porcelain. Theodore, amazed, was gazing silently at this apparition, when the footman, in unusually deferential tone, addressed him as Excellency. It was the same man who, clad in the gray (so-called *vice-livrée*), had heretofore nonchalantly brought the bad coffee that Leschetizky was in the habit of giving to Stepane. Not in the least understanding the change, Theodore exclaimed: "What is the matter? Why this parade—this marvelous breakfast?" "Your Excellency," answered the servant, respectfully, "has heretofore received the breakfast of the third class, and now, by order of her Imperial Highness, receives the breakfast of the first class." Still mystified, Theodore asked how he came by the title of Excellency, and ascertained that having orders to serve a break-

fast of the first class, due to excellency alone, the man felt he could not separate the title from the service. Amused at this logic, Theodore inquired further if, with the improvement in his breakfast, he had come to be an important personage. "Certainly, your Excellency," answered the valet, with conviction. "Very flattering for me," rejoined the young artist, "but how did you speak of me formerly?" "Your Excellency, your Excellency," stammered the man, "formerly—formerly —I said—the—the—musician."

A few days later the grand duchess, remembering Leschetizky's coffee, fixed on the following day for the picnic, and Theodore asked permission to bring a friend who was to add his clever imitation of the Viennese *Volksänger* to the general entertainment. These street-singers are celebrated in Vienna, where they follow the vocation from father to son. Certain families have established a reputation not only for musical ability, but for the wit and *brio* with which they render their highly enjoyable couplets, corresponding somewhat to

the English topical song. They sing in the streets of the city, and at the various suburban points where excursions are numerous.

Fortunately the weather was favorable, and the woods themselves seemed to have made ready for the picnic. A clearing surrounded by oaks was agreed upon as the meeting-place, and the grand duchess and her daughter arrived in an open carriage, followed by light carts with the gaily dressed maids of honor. All was ready for their reception, and on the green two cooks were busy near an enormous coffee-pot, whose fragrant content spread its aroma through the forest. The ladies seated themselves on plaids spread over the grass, and one of the cooks, assuming the duties of host, waited on every one with a characteristic jauntiness and grace that made his disguise ineffectual. When all had been served, an individual, till then hidden behind a bush, was brought forward; and while the women noted his well-worn overcoat, gorgeous with its large brown check, his wide floating red cravat,

his tiny cap, blond mustache, turned-up nose, and good-natured mien, he sat down on a fallen log and, accompanying himself on his guitar, began singing comic songs in the Viennese dialect, in perfect imitation of the Volksänger. Every one was delighted, especially the grand duchess, who, appreciating Leschetizky's cleverness in devising this rustic *jausa*,[1] could not sufficiently praise the arrangements.

Another anecdote further illustrates Leschetizky's overflowing animal spirits. He and his friend Michel Stohl had been spending the evening with Mme. Tschikovanov, whose daughter later became Anton Rubinstein's wife. On leaving the house they were assailed on all sides by a number of *izvostschiki*, soliciting the honor of driving the young men home. The izvostschik is well known to foreigners as a peculiarly Russian institution. The horse, small and emaciated, with ragged, untrimmed tail, lays no claim to beauty. In summer he works in the fields; in winter he earns his meager feed in the

[1] Viennese term for afternoon tea.

capital, where he is often the sole support of his peasant master. The light vehicle, whose dimensions allow of two passengers if neither be too stout, runs smoothly and is quite comfortable; and the picturesque driver in his long blue cloth, sheepskin-lined mantle, is a most interesting study. He is not exacting in the matter of fees, but takes whatever he can get for his services—fifteen, twenty, thirty copecks and upward. Theodore and his friend were soon gliding rapidly over the new-fallen snow in one izvostschik, Leschetizky calling out to the disappointed drivers that he would give any one following him a *griwenik.* It was not necessary to repeat the offer: all followed; and as the procession sped along, each passing izvostschik was hailed by his fellows and invited to join in the race—"the kind lord would reward all." When Theodore reached his apartment he found that his suite comprised seventy izvostschiki, obliging him to disburse seven rubles. Nevertheless, he felt amply repaid in his boyish delight at noting the mystification of passers-by.

CHAPTER X

Leschetizky's first marriage — A ceremony of much pomp — Leschetizky arranges entertainments for the young Empress — Early imperiousness of Alexander III — Carmen Sylva — The Empress appoints Leschetizky musical inspector at Smolna — The system of *Vorbereiter* — The death of Mme. Leschetizka.

THE winter of 1855–56 brings us to Leschetizky's first marriage, entered into with so much hope and destined to be fraught with so much bitterness. Mlle. de Friedebourg seemed indeed eminently qualified to fill the position of an artist's wife; her wonderful gifts had exercised a powerful influence over many, among others Anton Rubinstein, who at one time aspired to her hand. Leschetizky says that hers was the most beautiful alto he has ever heard. It had a superhuman quality and went straight to the heart;

but while she intoxicated the souls of her listeners, the deep sympathetic quality of her art found no other expression, and apart from her singing, she never warmed to enthusiasm. The best artists at the Italian opera had predicted a brilliant future for her if she would only give herself up to its exactions; but she was too indolent, too fond of her ease and convenience, to undertake anything so arduous as an artistic career. Always graceful, but always cold, she was not made to create happiness around her. She was one of those natures that by mere force of passivity inflict suffering they cannot, apparently, understand.

The Grand Duchess Helen, who took a deep interest in both parties, did not counsel or specially encourage the union. She foresaw the difficulties sure to arise from a cold, prosaic disposition on the one side, and an ardent, volatile temperament and lack of stability on the other. Theodore Leschetizky and Anna Carlowna were married February 16, 1856, in the chapel of the palace. As we have seen, the young

bride was more gracious than beautiful. Her small aristocratic hands and feet, her undulating walk and fine figure, were her chief attractions. No doubt she made a charming picture as, clad in her bridal gown and long veil, and leaning on Count Esterhazy's arm, she walked up the aisle to the altar.

The marriage was celebrated with pomp. Count Seceny, Count Nastitz, and a number of distinguished Austrians were present. After the nuptial benediction, the bridal party repaired to the palace of the Grand Duchess Helen, where a banquet had been prepared to celebrate the occasion.

Leschetizky and his bride were established in a cozy little apartment in St. Petersburg, where a son, who lived only a few months, was born to them.

Musicales, tableaux, and private theatricals lent life and color to the court of the Grand Duchess Helen. These entertainments had often to be arranged in a great hurry, as, for instance, when a visit from the young Empress was announced; so

Leschetizky was obliged, whenever he left his apartment, to leave word where he could be found. He frequently responded to a summons accompanied by the French actor Dupuis, who had a singular capacity for improvising all kinds of theatrical surprises. As Leschetizky puts it: "First there was an interview with the grand duchess, who, agitating a small fan, would say excitedly, 'Arrange something—anything: music, tableaux, whatever you wish. Her Majesty enjoys these things.' Then she would ring for her maid, Fräulein Schiebl, whom every one liked for her cheerful countenance, bright eyes, and pink cheeks, every one respected for her sterling virtues, and every one teased for her little peculiarities. She always wore a head-dress made of lace and colored ribbons; she had a small, round waist, a queer, mincing walk, and a slightly affected manner of coming forward to get her orders. The fact is, she felt her importance as custodian of stage properties; and we were obliged to follow her humbly into the hall, where, taking out an enormous

bunch of keys, she opened her presses, warning us in a voice like the tone of an ancient spinet not to soil or crease the costumes.

"Comic opera, vaudeville, and even more serious works were performed at these entertainments. The executants were amateurs as a rule—for instance, Princess Bielossieiski, Princess Manvelov, the son of Lablache, and others; but the performances often reached a high artistic standard. 'Le Domino Noir,' 'Le Sabot de la Marquise,' 'Martha,' and other operas in the same style, were well given and bore testimony to the proficiency of the distinguished amateurs. The grand duchess, with her crochet work, assisted in person at all of the rehearsals."

Leschetizky relates an amusing experience connected with a rehearsal of Bromberg's "Kinder Symphonie," which, under his direction, the young grand dukes were to perform with toy instruments. "Duke Vladimir, at that time about seventeen years of age, not wishing to take the trouble of counting the bars, amused him-

gave the symphony. I cannot say that it was as complete a success as the performance of the same work in which I had taken part in Vienna in 1845, when Berlioz directed, Ernst played first violin, Dessauer the cuckoo, with Stephen Heller, Haslinger, and Castellini among the other players."

One of the most interesting persons Leschetizky met at the court of the Grand Duchess Helen was her niece the Princess of Neuwied, later Queen of Rumania. Even in early youth this princess attracted the attention of men of parts by her remarkable common sense, intelligence, and enthusiasm, combined with a highly poetic imagination. She was tall, slender, and pretty, with a wonderfully expressive face; and her candid brow was shaded by light brown, wavy hair. Her natural amiability endeared her to all. In later years Carmen Sylva expressed her admiration for Leschetizky's teaching, and among his most treasured mementos I find pictures, photographs, and verses testifying to her friendship for

him and his second wife, Annette Essipoff. One little poem especially has appealed to me. The illustrious queen, whose subtle fantasy expressed itself through so many channels, has illuminated the margin of her poem. The whole is artistically framed and signed "Elizabeth," and, apart from its literary merit, is precious as a personal offering from a great-hearted, high-minded woman.

As has been made evident, the grand duchess was fond of Leschetizky. But she considered his views too liberal. "You are a red," she often said to him. He frankly voiced opinions shocking to her, and was never able to stoop to that servile flattery so highly in favor at court, but not always a proof of loyalty. Speaking of Henselt in this connection, he says: "I was an admirer of Henselt and his style of playing, the charm of which lay chiefly in his admirable legato. He played with sentiment and nobility, and had, besides, a beautiful clear piano technique. But I never understood how he could bend his pride to court manners. He was pianist

to the Empress Maria Alexandrovna, and was all humility before his sovereign."

In 1858 Leschetizky became connected with the Smolna Institute. He says: "One day, after I had played before the Empress, she graciously said to me: 'How is it that you are not attached to our service? Would you like to be?' 'I ask nothing better, your Majesty,' was my very natural response. It was then that I received my appointment as musical inspector at Smolna," an institution for the education of the daughters of the higher nobility. Here they receive a solid training and one suited to the rank they are destined to occupy in life. They are instructed not only in the arts and sciences, but in divers branches of housekeeping. The institute is under the immediate protection of the court, and all the maids of honor of her Majesty are drawn from the ranks of its pupils. In former days the Empress was a frequent visitor within its walls; in fact, she was so intimate with the young ladies of Smolna that they habitually called her *maman*. On that fatal

day in March, 1881, when the Emperor Alexander II received his mortal blow, he was carried to Smolna from the scene of the tragedy.

The pupils are surrounded with a certain elegant simplicity, and are expected to wear a costume uniform in style, but differing in color according to age: the youngest class wearing dark blue; the next higher, green; the highest, tan. The dresses are made with low neck and short sleeves for all seasons, so that the wearer may become inured to the exigencies of full dress. During class hours a batiste collar or cape is worn, but, beyond the small puff at the shoulder, no sleeve.[1]

Leschetizky's duties at Smolna comprised examination of all new students of music, a general supervision of the department, and private lessons to such as he might deem specially gifted. But the quantum of work the institute offered him was not sufficient for his energy. He felt the necessity of extending his pedagogical

[1] We quote the uniform regulations existing during Leschetizky's term of office.

horizon, of facilitating the development of pianism for many. In his private studio he began to assemble a number of pupils to whom he gave class lessons, the price being suited to modest means. The name of Leschetizky was soon a name to conjure with for many young artists soul-eager for knowledge. From the provinces, and even great distances, pupils flocked to him. Theodore still laughs heartily when he speaks of those "strange types, most of them, knowing little or nothing, the best will in the world being all they had to offer." He was shortly obliged to have assistants, and his pupils Van Ark, Sinovieff, and Luscheck became preparatory teachers.

To this day, Leschetizky feels the system of *Vorbereiter*,[1] which he has never relinquished, to be advantageous to both teacher and pupil, especially the latter; and that through it the most satisfactory results are obtainable. The Vorbereiter and scholar stand more or less on a footing of equality, or at least on a plane where

[1] Preparatory teachers.

intimacy may exist—an encouragement to candid questioning, and a freedom from the element of fear, valuable later, but dangerous in the beginning, when the first difficult steps are accomplished only by patient, careful iteration and without the impediment of unsteady nerves. Moreover, the master is there for the benefit of the greater number—to do a work which he alone can do. It is therefore necessary that the ground be prepared so that he may not waste his time on preliminary training conducted as well, probably better, by another whose narrower mental horizon implies less repugnance for the discussion of detail. Further, this method means a considerable saving in the cost of tuition.

Leschetizky and his wife spent the summer of 1860 in Ischl with Theodore's parents. Mme. Leschetizka's health was failing. She clearly foresaw her rapidly approaching end. Calling Theodore to her side, she said: "My son, you have a duty to perform. Go; do not wait here to see me die." As she had lived her life in the

full strength of youth and maturity, she lived it in the last sad months when she prepared her soul for its supreme trial. There was no repining over the inevitable; only an increased unselfishness and constant regard for the feelings of others.

It was with a heavy heart that Theodore took leave of his beloved parent, and, nursing a hope he felt to be unreal, started for Berlin. There he again met Meyerbeer, who warmly encouraged him to give his time to composition and to take up his abode in the Prussian capital. Alluring propositions were made the young composer, but the plan seemed impossible of realization. Later, Theodore received flattering inducements to associate himself in pedagogic labors with Kullak; but this also seemed impracticable, as he could not bring himself to ask his young wife to take up a life of probable hardships in new surroundings, abandoning the comforts to which she was accustomed, and that, with his assured income in St. Petersburg, he could always provide. In after years Theodore has had reason to regret not

having accepted the wise Kullak's offer; and I may add that this is one of several instances where Leschetizky's better judgment was overruled by sentiment. Nevertheless he has proved by his generally successful investments that an idealist may be gifted with business ability.

At that time Leschetizky gave a number of concerts, often assisted by his wife. She sang at the Philharmonic concerts, in the drawing-room of the Grand Duchess Sophie at Ischl, and in other places. Everywhere she was successful. But her warmth was assumed; her coldness only was real: and as years rolled on it became more and more evident that the artist pair were hopelessly ill-mated.

Hardly was Leschetizky settled down to his work in St. Petersburg when he received the news of his mother's death. That date, October 9, 1860, has never been forgotten; and to this day, on each sad anniversary, Theodore wears mourning in reverend memory.

CHAPTER XI

Origin of the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music — Advent of Annette Essipoff — Leschetizky loses his temper and throws the music at his pupil — An analysis of Essipoff's playing — Leschetizky admits to his wife his love for Essipoff — A divorce suit that runs over two years — His kindness to a consumptive pupil — Music-lessons in the private boudoir of the Princess Dolgoruki — Leschetizky collides with the Emperor — The Duke of Oldinburg and the soup-tureen — The concerts at Smolna — How Van Haanen completed an oil-painting in four hours — The wealthy grocer and the Chopin study in G flat — Dreyschock and the glissando — Leschetizky plays state courier again — An adventure with a would-be robber — Theodore goes to London and meets Gounod there.

THE formal opening of the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music occurred in September, 1862; but its real origin dates farther back, when the nucleus of the present conservatory was formed of Leschetizky's private school and that of Mme. Saloman Nissen for voice-training. The conservatory was founded with the

assistance and under the protection of the Grand Duchess Helen, who assumed the title of president, Anton Rubinstein becoming musical director. A house on a street called Mojka was rented, and there later, as results seemed to justify the outlay, the government granted funds for a larger and more suitable building. Among the notable teachers at that period may be mentioned Villoing, whose reputation rests on his having taught the Rubinstein brothers; Gerke, Wienawski, Dreyschock, and, for composition, Zaremba, who numbers Tschaikowsky among his pupils.

In 1864 a twelve-year-old girl was brought to the conservatory, a slight, nervous little person with expressive green-gray eyes and a precocious intelligence. It was Annette Essipoff. Her excellent ear, fine memory, and other marked musical gifts immediately attracted attention. She entered Van Ark's preparatory class, and a year and a half later played a Beethoven sonata (C major, 2 Op., No. 2) at the examination held before the board.

The grand duchess, presiding, armed with her inevitable crochet work, asked Leschetizky what he thought of Essipoff's talent. "That little one has the very Old Nick in her," he answered. "She will be a great artist." Essipoff was promoted to Leschetizky's class, and made rapid strides; though for a long time a shade of amateurishness, due to a lack of discipline, cost her master many a stern effort to overcome, and impeded her advance toward virtuosity. As an illustration of this may be narrated a short anecdote. In preparing the Chopin G minor Ballade for an examination, she had been hopelessly negligent in learning the notes; and, though she played the correct melodies and harmonization and maintained the proper rhythm, relying on her natural facility, she gave the accompanying figures more as her fancy dictated than in accordance with the composer's notation. This was really too much for her critical master, a boldness and impertinence deserving punishment, and rising in his wrath, he publicly threw the music at the discomfited girl,

informing her that she was to consider it all over between them. Later, of course, he thought better of it; and it may be remarked here that almost all his gifted pupils since then have had at some time to go through a like dismissal, with the subsequent relenting.

It is related of Annette that she habitually spent the class hours contemplating her dainty little foot, which she brought out from under her skirts, apparently entirely absorbed in moving it about, admiring its fine shape and graceful poses. Nevertheless, do what he might, no teacher was ever able to convict her of inattention, her apparent absent-mindedness in no wise precluding a strict consideration of the matter under discussion.

In 1869 Essipoff and Tschaikowsky took their final examinations, Annette playing the Beethoven G major Concerto and transposing the piano part of the Schumann Quintette before an audience of four hundred people. Both were awarded gold medals, the first ever offered by the Conservatory of St. Petersburg. That summer

Essipoff joined the Leschetizkys at Ischl, and made her début at the Salzburg Mozarteum with the Chopin E minor Concerto.

A charming painting by Michel Stohl, representing Essipoff as she was at that time is still in Leschetizky's possession. No longer the frail, nervous school-girl, Annette had developed into a lovely young woman. The firm, well-molded figure, the brilliant complexion, the bright eyes in the picture are those of a healthy, active, well-matured physical nature. She wears an evening dress, no doubt the one she wore on the night she enjoyed the first of a long series of triumphs. I myself have frequently heard Essipoff play, and I believe that her great charm lay in her poetic interpretation. It was all so wonderfully shaded; indeed, the fine subtlety of her shading has excited the admiration of the greatest musicians; and besides this she had a great deal of verve and style. While it was passionate, she says herself that her playing was not particularly powerful at that time. Strength was a

much later development; for loud playing had not been required of her, her natural quantity of tone being effective on account of her forceful contrasts. She was above all things essentially musical. Annette's success at Salzburg was complete. The Grand Duchess Helen, present at the concert, sent for the young artist and publicly congratulated her. Leschetizky himself could not but express his gratification, adding: "Now all you need is to continue in the same path," at which the débutante, seizing his hand, endeavored to kiss it as she answered: "Without you I am only dust." At that time Leschetizky loved his brilliant pupil Nelly, as he called her, as one loves a child. In fact, he undertook to find a suitable husband for her. He continued to take a lively interest, not only in her musical training, but in her general education, providing her with reading, particularly the poets Goethe, Schiller, and Shakspere. Annette's active young mind eagerly drank in knowledge from all sources, especially poetry, which she assimilated

without effort. Grateful for all his kindness, Essipoff offered her master a warm, childlike affection, and Leschetizky continued to give her private lessons, developing in her the most exquisite refinement of the pianist's art.

Little by little his personal ambition became merged in the career of his gifted pupil. Nor did he hesitate to devote his best energies, and even large sums of money, to bringing her out at home and abroad.

Mlle. Essipoff's phenomenal and rapid success is known to all. She played to enthusiastic audiences in the principal cities of Europe and America, and in 1885 was named pianist to the King of Prussia.

As we have already intimated, Leschetizky's marriage with Anna Carlowna had not been happy. Years of conjugal life did nothing to cement the union between two hearts, never intended for each other. In the meantime, slowly but surely, what had been affection became love; and, with characteristic frankness, Leschetizky admitted to his wife his true feeling for

Annette. The divorce suit lasted two years. In Leschetizky's diary I find this entry: "1871—December 21. To-day Anna Friedebourg leaves my house, in which she has reigned nearly sixteen years. How much must I yet undergo before reaching complete happiness—if, indeed, I am destined ever to attain it!"

Among Leschetizky's private pupils in St. Petersburg may be mentioned Mlles. Katherine Karnowitsch, Stettinin, Kawelin, and Volborth, whose mother had been a pupil of Field. The Volborth residence was frequented by a number of artists, including Anton Rubinstein, who composed a cantata to celebrate the silver wedding of M. and Mme. Volborth, Leschetizky contributing for this occasion a charming duet for two sopranos, based on Chopin's often-played study in F minor (Op. 25, No. 2).

Reverting to the subject of Smolna, I feel I must relate an incident, in itself not remarkable, but seeming to throw light on Leschetizky's natural kindness of heart. The directress of the institute one day

spoke to him of a young girl, a consumptive who, it was believed, had not many months to live. Indeed, it was feared she would die with the spring roses. This poor child's dearest wish was to become Leschetizky's pupil; but it was not considered advisable to put her under his charge, as in all probability it would be time lost. She was diaphanously white, like a flower reared in the shade, with expressive great blue eyes, to which hope lent splendor. Theodore realized immediately that her music could serve merely to brighten her few remaining days. Nevertheless he accepted her without demur, and set to work to devise special studies, giving her the necessary exercise without making serious demands on her strength. These studies consisted, in great part, of wrist movements, and the young girl applied herself zealously to following the advice of her master, who, in turn, devoted as much earnest thought to her case as though he expected to bring out in her a new virtuoso. In the spring her health was already improved. Able

to take the examinations required at Smolna, she returned to her family, but continued to study privately under Leschetizky. One day Anton Rubinstein called during her lesson. Theodore left her at the piano, and, closing the door, went into the next room to talk with his friend. After a few minutes' conversation Rubinstein asked Leschetizky why he had the Chopin F minor study played by two pupils. Softly opening the door, Theodore showed him Mlle. Djimkowska playing it in octaves. She was indeed entirely restored to strength—serene happiness in her work had brought her physical health; and for once, at least, Theodore's kind-heartedness had not been unrewarded.

Another Smolna pupil of Leschetizky whose name deserves to be noted is the Princess Dolgoruki, later united in morganatic marriage to Emperor Alexander II. After she left the institute she continued to receive instruction from Theodore, who went to the palace, where she took her lesson in her private boudoir, on an upright piano, that she preferred

to any one of a number of grands at her disposal. It seems she was not particularly tidy about her morning toilet, and that her long hair, which unbound reached to the floor, would often fall over her shoulders without causing her any embarrassment. Leschetizky relates that one day, after giving the princess a lesson, he was going through a dark passage leading from her room, when he ran against a man evidently on his way to the Dolgoruki's apartment. Hearing the clank of a saber, he concluded it was some officer, and proceeded without offering any excuse. Reaching the entrance of the palace, he found the main doors thrown wide open and the servants in gala livery. He inquired the reason of this unusual parade, and was informed that the Emperor had just arrived. The relations of the Dolgoruki and Alexander, even before the marriage, are a matter of history. The man in the passage was none other than his Majesty.

Another incident connected with Smolna gives an idea of the absolutism

prevailing in Russia in all ranks of authority. Some of the pupils of the institute, school-girl-like, had complained of the quality of their food, and rumors of their complaint reached the ears of the Emperor, who ordered the Duke of Oldinburg, president of Smolna, to look into the matter. "I was not very fond of his Excellency," says Leschetizky. "He was a man of sour disposition—tall, thin, quick and angular in his movements, with little blinking, beady black eyes that took note of everything, and his nose in everybody's business. The Emperor's command was no sooner issued than Oldinburg started for Smolna, arriving just at dinner-time. Stationing himself not far from the kitchen, he awaited the passage of the soldiers on duty in the dining-room. Presently two went by, carrying a soup-tureen. 'Set that down on the floor and fetch me a spoon,' thundered the duke. The soldiers looked up in evident surprise, but, too well disciplined to speak except in answer to a question, obeyed; then stood submissively awaiting further orders. The

duke, wearing a severely critical expression of face, dipped the spoon in the gray, murky liquid, but had no sooner touched it to his lips than he angrily rejected it, shrieking: 'Why, it 's dish-water!' 'As your Highness says,' answered the terrified soldiers. And so it was—dish-water being carried away in a cast-off soup-tureen used for washing knives and forks." Theodore's malicious enjoyment of this story is not entirely without retributive justice. He relates: "On one occasion, in my early Smolna days, I was to play in a concert. The pompous president met me, and inquired superciliously: 'Why are you not in uniform?' 'I have none,' was my prompt answer. 'The uniform is obligatory with us—you are required to have one,' objected the martinet. Now this idea of wearing uniform was exceedingly distasteful to me. The Emperor was present at the concert and very kindly complimented me on my playing. In thanking him for his graciousness, I remarked that I had come near not appearing at all.

Consequent questioning revealed the story of the uniform, and his Majesty laughed heartily, exclaiming: 'An artist in uniform! How absurd!'

"And so I found myself in possession of the highest warrant for not wearing the state livery, and had, moreover, the satisfaction of beholding the discomfiture of the haughty Oldinburg, who stood by wrathfully chewing his lip."

Leschetizky enjoyed the friendship of the composer Alexander Dorgomyschsky, who, notwithstanding his high official position, had found time to develop his genius first in smaller forms, later in dramatic works, and whose "Esmeralda" and "The Nymph" are highly esteemed as specimens of Russian music. He met also the engineer composer Cæsar Cui, and Alexander Serov, distinguished first as state councilor, but whose reputation now rests principally on his Russian operas, his treatise on Russian melodies, his criticisms, and his able defense of Wagner's doctrines and reforms.

During Leschetizky's sojourn in St.

Petersburg a coterie of artists formed a society for the private performance of new compositions. The authors themselves frequently took part and foreign opera-singers temporarily stationed in the capital were often present: thus Mario, Calzolari, Debassini, Ronconi, Lagroie, Delagrange, and others, besides a number of sculptors, painters, writers, and poets. Many gifted amateurs figured as performers, a certain informality giving peculiar charm to these joyous evenings. Leschetizky's friendship for the Italian artists proved of great advantage to the Smolna Institute. Up to this time the entertainments given there had consisted in part of exhibitions of prestidigitator skill and other amusements of the same grade; but Theodore's friends, in recognition of his courtesy in helping them in their rehearsals of new music and in accompanying them, were, in turn, very glad to assist him in getting up concerts and operas at Smolna. These were patronized by the court and the Emperor himself often presided at the champagne supper

served the artists after the performance. Speaking of the delightful comradery he enjoyed with painters, Leschetizky relates an incident of the days when he shared the quarters of Van Haanen and Stohl.

At a breakfast given by the former the conversation touched on the great facility attained by certain adepts at painting, Van Haanen wagering that he himself could begin and finish a picture within four hours. The wager was taken up by a wealthy Russian, who promised to purchase the picture, provided it were made in his presence. The painter selected a canvas fifty centimeters by sixty, and choosing a scene on the Neva from his sketches, began the work immediately. Leschetizky undertook to entertain the company by playing and improvising; and Van Haanen, in no wise disturbed by the music, completed the painting within the prescribed limit of time. He had won his wager and five hundred rubles, the price offered by his generous friend.

Among Leschetizky's acquaintances was a certain pianist, Engel, who had a large

number of pupils belonging to the better families of the merchant class, much respected in Russia, as elsewhere, on account of their wealth and characteristic industry. These merchant millionaires, rising from the ranks of the peasantry, are to the end of their lives simple and kindly in manner, and often preposterously ignorant. One day Rubinstein, Henselt, Minkus, the esteemed composer of ballet music, Leschetizky, and others were taking lunch together and enlivening the meal by narrating their varied experiences. Engel related that a wealthy grocer, wishing to arrange lessons for his daughter, had invited him to luncheon, saying that it was pleasanter to specify the terms of a contract over a comfortable meal. The good-natured, rotund *lavoshnik*, with his red shiny face, his hair neatly cut, parted in the middle, and well plastered down on both sides, was typical of his class. His wife, a buxom figure with an insignificant countenance, and his tall, thin, vacuous-looking daughter were introduced. And when Engel had taken a small glass of

spirits and was supposed to feel perfectly at home, all sat down to the table, where caviar and a succession of well-prepared dishes and champagne were served. His hunger appeased, the master of the house desired to enter immediately on the subject of the price of lessons. "Five rubles," answered Engel. "Five rubles!" exclaimed the host, shaking his head. "Five is a great deal." Then, his small gray eyes assuming a look of cunning, "I will tell you what can be done: my daughter will not be an artist—teach her for three. She need not learn to play on the black keys." Rising from the table, Engel sat down to the piano and played the Chopin study in G flat, sometimes called the Black Key Study. The bargain-loving merchant was caught in the snare. Standing near the instrument, his arms akimbo, wagging his head from side to side, he watched the pianist's fingers with absorbing interest. With the last note he cried: "The devil take the two rubles! She also shall learn to play on the black keys."

An amusing incident connected with Anton Rubinstein occurred during Leschetizky's sojourn in Petersburg. He says: "The passport regulations, as every one knows, have always been severe in Russia. Now Rubinstein, having no diploma from any conservatory, was simply put down as A. Rubinstein, son of a merchant. Strange as it may seem, this insignificant circumstance had been a serious annoyance to the great artist. One day he said to some of his friends, professors at the conservatory, 'Please look at this abominable thing, my passport! Could anything be worse? Gentlemen, give me an artist's certificate.' Highly amused, we nevertheless pretended to take the matter seriously, and informed our world-celebrated comrade that if he wanted a certificate he must earn it, as others did, by taking the prescribed examinations. So we all assembled in the conservatory hall, and Rubinstein, not without mock tremulousness, went through the ordeal. Then, after mature deliberation, we decided that the certificate should be awarded, and Dreyschock and I

signed the document, and with due pomp and solemnity, presented it to our friend."

Dreyschock and Leschetizky were one day discussing pianistic effects. The former enlarged on the difficulties to be overcome before attaining a smooth glissando in the Weber Concertstück, and then immediately sat down and executed it flawlessly. Theodore, who stood behind, complimented him highly, and, in his turn, ripped off the glissando without trouble. He then requested Dreyschock to play the passage again, maliciously insisting that his friend must have some original method of accomplishing the feat.

Dreyschock consented; but as he sat down Leschetizky held his hand tightly. Then their eyes met, and each knew that the other was possessed of his little secret, the very innocent device of moistening the thumb, but at the proper moment, and so dexterously that the audience does not see the hand carried to the mouth.

This period (about 1870) may, perhaps, be considered the most brilliant of Leschetizky's virtuoso career. He gave numer-

ous successful concerts in St. Petersburg, Moscow (in one of which he was assisted by Wienawski), Vienna, Ischl, Baden, Leipzig (at the Gewandhaus), in other German cities, and in London.

On the occasion of one of his London trips, Theodore again assumed the responsibilities of state courier. The safety and facilities of travel had greatly increased since his first experience of the kind in 1854; nevertheless, his journey was not without incident. "At Cologne," says Theodore, "I presented my pass to the station-master, who appointed a special guard to keep watch over my grip while I went into the restaurant to get my dinner. It was nearly 11 P.M. when I entered my compartment, finding myself the sole occupant; but the train had scarcely begun to move when a man unlocked the door opposite the platform and clambered in, evidently without the knowledge of the guard. He was a robust individual, clad in common trousers and a workman's blouse. He carried a short club and a bundle tied up in a handker-

chief. I reflected that such a person was decidedly out of place in a first-class carriage, and probably there for no good purpose; moreover, his manner bore out my suspicions. He sat down in the corner opposite my valise and watched me closely. Pretending to be asleep, I also kept my companion under constant observation, and noticed that he was gradually shifting his position so as to get nearer me. Suddenly he got up and made an attempt to draw the lamp-shade in such a way as to throw himself in the dark. Feeling that the crucial moment had come, I rose to my feet and, staring him full in the face, brought out my revolver. Not daring to turn my eyes from his even for an instant, it was impossible for me to reach the emergency signal behind me, so all I could do was to terrorize him by the force of my will. The agony was long,—I afterward calculated that it must have lasted an hour,—but finally I could see that he was weakening, and as the train slowed up he opened the door and jumped off. I tugged violently at the signal, and, when

the conductor and guard appeared, explained what had happened as well as my excitement would permit. The villain had succeeded in escaping, and the train proceeded to Aix-la-Chapelle. I afterward learned that a former employee of the road, since his dismissal become a desperate character, had been seen lurking about the station at Cologne. He had observed the special attention bestowed on my grip, and had hoped to become master of it by first stunning me with his club, as he had a number of other victims."

In London Leschetizky was associated in concerts with the great violinsts Auer and Sarasate.

The visit to London is also memorable for Leschetizky's meeting with Charles Gounod, who received him with the large-hearted cordiality that, whatever may be said to the contrary, characterizes men of genius. The two musicians were much and often together, and it was there that Theodore met the beautiful Miss Weldon, who so cruelly returned Gounod's friendship by suppressing the score of "Poly-

eucte," which neither a lawsuit nor any inducement or threat was able to wrest from her, so that the composer was obliged to begin his work again from the beginning. Gounod was to accompany Patti in one of his songs, and invited Theodore to be present. "You must come," he said. "I want you as near me as possible." But this was a difficult matter to arrange, as all the seats were already disposed of; so at the last moment Leschetizky suggested sitting on the stage and turning the pages of the music. "But I will not use any," objected Gounod. "Never mind, maestro," answered Theodore; "we will put up something else and I will pretend to turn." And the genial composer finding the idea excellent, the knotty question was solved.

CHAPTER XII

Theodore and Essipoff are both stricken with typhoid — They move to Vienna — Mme. Varette Stepanoff — Leschetizky receives a visit from Liszt — He meets Lamperti — The Tonkünstlerverein — Paderewski's début — His studies under Leschetizky — Leschetizky terminates his virtuoso career — Essipoff's duets with Paderewski.

WHEN, after a series of concerts, Anton Rubinstein returned to St. Petersburg, Leschetizky immediately resigned his post at the court of the Grand Duchess Helen, for whom he retained always the deepest regard. A slight cloud passed over the friendship of the two artists. It is well known that Rubinstein, who had so little reason to be so, was envious, and morbidly sensitive to criticism, even the best-intentioned. When he had finished his D minor Concerto, he played it for Leschetizky, intending to dedicate it to him. As was natural, Theodore can-

didly expressed his opinion; to the effect that notwithstanding the impressiveness and force of the composition, it was faulty in some parts in respect of fullness. The great Anton had a peculiar habit of sucking his thumb while weighing a remark, and in this attitude he listened to the criticism; but the work was not dedicated to Leschetizky, nor was any other; which, considering their life-long friendship, seems unaccountable. Strained relations were, however, of short duration.

In 1874 Leschetizky received the Franz-Josef Order from the Emperor of Austria, then on a visit to St. Petersburg. The other decorations which have been given him are the Anna and Stanislaw orders, the Gustav Vasa, and the Rumanian Order of Commandeur.

In 1878 Leschetizky and Essipoff were stricken with typhoid fever at the same time. Notwithstanding the fearfully debilitating effect of the dread malady, Theodore nursed his young wife himself, rising from his couch in a room adjoining hers to administer the remedies prescribed

by the physician; and I may add that this tenderness for Annette in her illness, this never-failing devotion under trying conditions, is quite consistent with Leschetizky's character, which at times reaches to a sublime thoughtfulness of others, and again stoops to the most petty selfishness. Under his loving care Annette was soon perfectly well, but the disease had made serious inroads on Theodore's constitution and his strength returned but slowly. Many considerations urged him to return to Vienna and settle there. For one thing, his father, grown old and peevish, imperiously demanded his son's society to comfort his declining years. In order to satisfy him, Theodore determined to sell his furniture and move to Vienna. He wound up his affairs; and the pension that he received as retired member of the faculty of the conservatory was made over to Essipoff's mother.

He bought a villa on Sternwärter Strasse in Währing Cottage, a district situated on a level higher than that of the city proper and giving a fine view of the magnificent

Kahlenberg. Cottage was at that time but thinly settled. The houses were surrounded by large gardens, and the unpaved streets, shaded by wide-spreading chestnut-trees, gave it a rural aspect. The beauty of the vicinity has endeared Währing to Leschetizky. Later he purchased a second villa, connected by a garden with the first, which was rented to Hans Richter. This second villa, on Karl Ludwig Strasse, furnished with specimens of Marie Thérèse and Renaissance art and decorated with souvenirs of the past and tributes of the present, has been visited by the majority of this century's artists, and is beloved by hundreds of students from all parts of the world as their source of inspiration and knowledge.

Some reference to Mme. Varette Stepanoff, who has so ably represented Leschetizky's teaching in Germany, seems a necessary part of my narrative. Married at the age of sixteen to a Rumanian officer and early left a widow, she met the Leschetizkys for the first time in 1877, at Aigen, near Salzburg. A warm friendship sprang

up between Mme. Essipoff-Leschetizky and this charming woman, whose classic beauty and fine intelligence immediately won all hearts. Severe mental strain had already impaired her health, and the physicians prescribed wintering in Crimea as the best means of recuperation. The Leschetizkys prevailed on her to follow this advice, and when she reappeared in St. Petersburg she was completely transformed. The admirable Crimean climate had effectually done its work. Highly gifted by nature and already musically advanced, she applied herself zealously to higher virtuoso studies, and her progress under Leschetizky was so rapid that she was soon able to entertain solid hopes of adopting an artistic career. In the meantime, she was invited to stop with the Leschetizkys in Vienna, and her gratitude for the kindness shown her expressed itself in a thousand ways, in matters relative to house-keeping and in the care of the children whenever their parents were obliged for professional reasons to absent themselves from home. She herself made

successful concert tours in Germany, England, and Austria, and, as Leschetizky's assistant, developed the marked pedagogic ability for which she is now known in both hemispheres.

In 1882 my brother-in-law enjoyed the privilege of receiving a visit from Liszt. Theodore was to leave Vienna the same evening to attend the first presentation of his opera "Die Erste Falte" in Mannheim. In fact, when the master of Weimar was announced, Leschetizky was in the act of getting his grip ready for the journey. Noticing the preparations, Liszt wished to cut his visit short; but Theodore, overjoyed at seeing him again, detained him first under one pretext, then under another, while, over a box of cigars and a glass of sherry, the hours flew by till, looking up at the clock, Liszt rose hastily to go. Train-time was long past, and seeing a shade of embarrassment on his friend's countenance, Theodore exclaimed: "Surely, dear master, you will believe that talking with you is a greater pleasure for me than being present at the Mann-

heim première of my opera!" Three days later Leschetizky started for Mannheim, and the next night, from the gallery of the theater, assisted incognito at a performance of "Die Erste Falte." The participants, entering into the spirit of this charming bit of rococo style, gave a presentation satisfactory to the composer, who had, moreover, the pleasure of noting that the audience understood and appreciated his work. Following the example of a number of German cities, Vienna brought out Leschetizky's opera; but this production, though under the direction of Hans Richter, so eminent in his conception of heavier music, was not specially successful. Several of the cast were not certain of their parts; Mme. Lucca, who was to have sung the Marchioness, was unable to appear: in fact, this Viennese performance has always been regarded as a failure and a stumbling-block in the career of the work.

The friendship existing for years between our family and Leschetizky induced him to make another journey to Italy and



Villa on Karl Ludwig Strasse.

to come to Cernobbio, where we were stopping on account of my studies under Francesco Lamperti; and the pleasure of introducing the great pedagogues to each other fell to my lot. The Lamperti household was interesting in many ways—first from the standpoint of extreme old age. There was the master himself, eighty-two years old; his father-in-law, ten years his senior; his mother-in-law, a very ancient dame; and the cat, which, having attained the respectable age of twenty-three years, surveyed the world from her post at her master's feet, humping up her back critically at the approach of strangers. Mme. Lamperti, a handsome blonde, and the only young person in the family, governed the house and managed the school, endearing herself to the scholars by her tact and charming manners. Lamperti was devotedly attached to roses, and had a number of plants, the growth of which he watched with the keenest interest, taking a childlike delight in each one. Early every morning he could be seen walking gingerly between the bushes, holding the

branches aside to give passage to the cat, who frequently accompanied him on his expeditions. In the garden stood a dainty pavilion entirely overgrown with climbing roses. One day the maestro took me to show me a gigantic half-opened rose hanging her lovely head near the entrance. The next day was a stormy one—the magnificent rose had disappeared. I was accused of having plucked it; the porter had, in fact, seen me steal up to the pavilion, and away, carefully hiding something (which of course was not true). In vain I confided in Mme. Lamperti, assuring her that, had I succumbed to so grievous a temptation, prompt avowal would have followed; nothing availed—I was obliged to submit to a scene. Further investigation, however, brought the truth to light, and a day later the master received me with a friendly little tap on the cheek, begging pardon for his unjust suspicion. "And who was it who took the rose?" "My father-in-law," indignantly answered Lamperti; "he picked it, and to carry to a pretty girl in Como." It was true; the

old man, in whom age had not diminished the fires of youth, was still capable of undertaking a daily walk of several hours on a gallant errand.

Lamperti was very glad to meet Leschetizky, and the visit seemed to be a mutual delight, though neither was conversant with the language of the other. I served as interpreter. We went to see the time-faded lithograph pictures of Lamperti's pupils, and the maestro pointed to each with a stick, mentioning some characteristic, but unable to recall the names, even of the most celebrated. Standing before Ortolani Tiberini's picture, he remarked on the excellence of her voice production, her warmth; on Albani's coloring of sustained notes, her single tones "like falling stars," and how, after she had traveled as an artist, she came back to him to beg for lessons on the trill. And so on about many others, always turning to me to give the name of each. It was a charming picture: Leschetizky, in smiling recognition of many old friends—Delagrange, Cruvelli, Lagroie, Stoltz, the Artot sisters, bringing

back his early days in St. Petersburg; and Lamperti, actually blushing with pleasure, his dear faded eyes brightening at this new proof of the world celebrity of his pupils.

In the evening Leschetizky joined in the game of loto, of which the maestro was very fond, though it was always necessary for some one to watch his card, as, notwithstanding his desire to win, he frequently forgot to cover his numbers.

Lamperti was very proud of his collection of curiosities: pocket-books, porcelain cups, and a number of things dear to him for association's sake, which he kept locked up in a cabinet, in company with two stuffed parrots, one green and one gray, relating the sad history of the latter to every visitor. The master asserted that, from having heard much singing, this intelligent bird had become an accomplished singer, actually rendering the aria "Casta Diva," with all the shading and coloratura he had heard from Albani. It seems that for several years he had his perch close to the pedagogic chair; but as at one time he had undertaken to bite all

persons approaching his master, it became necessary to banish him to a distant room. One morning he was found dead. A post-mortem examination showed heart-disease, the physician maintaining that vexation (grief, Lamperti used to call it) had caused his death. It was touching to hear the white-haired maestro speak of his feathered friend.

In his old age Lamperti became irritable. Indeed, it sometimes happened that his stick beat a tattoo on an embryo artist's shoulders. Seated in an arm-chair (in winter well wrapped up in a muffler, woolen cuffs, gaiters), his baton in his hand, he listened to his pupils. He was sometimes very noisy at lessons, rising to insert his generally snuff-stained fingers in the pupil's rosy mouth to show her where the tone should strike, gesticulating to imitate the violin-bowing, singing the melody in his poor cracked voice, and shrieking: "*Olio, olio!* A voice that has no legato is no voice." He was fond of embellishments, often enlarging on Italian arias. Nor was it possible to evade these

difficulties; for objections on the ground that Rossini, for instance, might resent a tampering with his work, were always met with some such answer as: "I suppose I have a right to dispose of this cadenza, since I myself made most of them for my friend Rossini!" And the augmented cadence and discomfiture remained.

It was very warm during the whole of Leschetizky's stay in Cernobbio, so that he made a habit of employing an oarsman to row him out on the lake at night, saying that thus only could he enjoy the beauty of the spot. The calm nocturnal scene, to which thousands of fireflies lent magic effect, impressed Leschetizky deeply. It was there that he composed his six piano pieces called "Souvenirs d'Italie" and dedicated to "Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of Rumania." Of the group, the graceful scherzo "Le Lucciole" is the most esteemed.

Once firmly established in Vienna, Leschetizky's spirit of enterprise led him into many undertakings. The now celebrated Tonkünstlerverein owes its exis-

tence in great measure to his far-reaching energy in proposing the matter to his colleagues and helping to organize the society. It originated in 1881 in weekly meetings for the bringing together of artists and the production and discussion of new works. Latterly the society has devoted itself very largely to the works of Brahms, during his life always the greatest among us at the Tonkünstlerverein. Many times Brahms would join us when, as was customary after the music, we repaired to a neighboring restaurant, forming into groups at the small tables to discuss the evening's events. He was grave and rather ponderous in his manner. His voice was low, solemn, a little husky; but what he said was not devoid of wit and fun, and he had a very kind smile. No one is without a vulnerable point. Brahms's weakness was his decorations; he was vain of them and liked to have them spoken of.

The musicians of Vienna had hailed with joy the founding of the Tonkünstlerverein, which gave an opportunity of hearing not only the best products of their fellow-

townsmen, but also those of foreigners, who, when possible, were always invited to take part. I remember the night that Leschetizky brought out his brilliant pupil Ignace Paderewski. His performance of an original theme and variations was not greeted with special favor. Indeed, some local musicians were heard to remark that the "young man did not seem to promise much." But his keener master opposed envious criticism with the now unanswerable statement, "Ah, my dear ——, you will have to get used to hearing that young man's name." Yet, as he stood nonchalantly in the passageway, his tawny head resting against the wall, those who foresaw his great future were probably few.

He came to Vienna to study with Leschetizky in 1885. Of all his pupils, the master claims that Paderewski was the most docile. There was no remark so insignificant, no detail so small, as to deserve less than his whole passionate attention. In his two modest rooms in No. 46 Anastasias Grungasse (rooms which for motives of sentiment he retains on a life

lease), with a slender wardrobe and scanty comforts, he patiently laid the foundation of his brilliant career.

On the evening of my first introduction to Paderewski, he told me something which I have found food for thought. "It is not the first time I have seen you, mademoiselle—I saw you once when you were only a child," he said; and went on to narrate that at a certain concert in Dwinsk he had seen me with my parents. We had come, naturally, in our own equipage with liveried servants. In our country these things always produce a certain effect that is perhaps to be deplored. It seems that Paderewski had been asked to play at this concert, but could not accept the engagement because—he had no evening dress! And there he stood in the doorway, unnoticed, unconsidered, possibly looking up with a certain deference to the representatives of an aristocracy who in so short a time afterward would come to look up to him as one of Poland's greatest glories.

In Vienna we became well acquainted, and Paderewski came often to our apart-

ment, where he was always informally welcomed. My mother was very fond of him and loved to have him come in unannounced; which he often did, sitting down at the piano while the table was being laid for dinner, going over difficult passages in compositions he was studying, or improvising with such bravura that my mother would laughingly insist our pianino could not possibly resist the terrific onslaught.

Paderewski has a wonderful gift of mind-reading, and his accurate and immediate response to any possible suggestion has been a matter of surprise to many. He has what might almost be called a genius for devising impromptu amusements; and when a number of young people were assembled at the master's house, he and Annette Essipoff were always the life of the party, entering into the spirit of the games with childlike enjoyment. Paderewski would sometimes laugh so heartily that, through sheer exhaustion, he would sit down on the floor, and with no symptom of embarrassment at his undignified position.

Since he has made a fortune, he has abundantly proved to the world that sympathy and great-heartedness, known only to his friends in the days of his poverty. Walking along Währinger Strasse one evening, I noticed Paderewski standing before an open booth, and was surprised to see him purchase a Christmas tree gaily decorated with pink paper roses and shining green leaves, a box of sweetmeats, and a quantity of toys. Coming closer, the mystery was solved. Two small ragamuffins, standing with legs far apart, hands deep in pockets, silent but for an awkward, inarticulate gratitude expressed on their faces, were to be the recipients. Paderewski explained that the hungry-eyed urchins staring at a prosperous housewife making her Christmas purchases had been too much for his stoicism. And how many are the other instances of generosity in small things and in great!

Paderewski studied continuously in Vienna for two years. He received lessons from Mme. Essipoff and many from Leschetizky himself. These he took ir-

regularly, sometimes one a week, sometimes two, and generally in the evening from seven to nine o'clock. After teaching for a year in Strassburg, he came back to Vienna for another season; but his lessons were interrupted by his concert engagements in Paris, Germany, and Switzerland.

In 1887, on the 4th of March, Leschetizky terminated his virtuoso career at Frankfort-on-the-Main, playing the E flat Concerto by Beethoven under the direction of Desshof. This concert, the last of the long list of public appearances, has remained indelibly fixed in his memory. He had made up his mind to retire and devote himself entirely to teaching, and the decision must have been a painful one. He himself says that he was saddened by the thought of abandoning the excitement of concert-giving and the applause of the public, so dear to every artist. He relates a little experience connected with this last appearance. After the recalls and the congratulations of the musicians, declining their urgent invita-

tion to supper, he slipped out by a side entrance, intending to join Desshof at a modest restaurant and go over with him alone the events of the evening. Well wrapped in his furs, he mixed with the orchestra-players and others who stood in an ill-lighted passage, discussing the interpretation. The Teuton cannot be assailed with impunity in his fortress of the always has been, and loud were the clamors against a reading that might be artistic, might be beautiful, but *Beethoven*—never! Some few, indeed, dared to wax enthusiastic over the unusual but soulful interpretation. Here at last was freedom from pedantry, here was the true spirit of the master! But the opposition was not to be so easily convinced, and Theodore, amused and interested, listened in silence till, unable longer to resist the temptation of breaking through his incognito, he burst in with: "Right you are, gentlemen—Leschetizky is no Beethoven-player."

Mme. Essipoff's high culture, intellect, and warm personality won me, as they did many others; despite the difference

in our years, we became so intimate that we reciprocally used the familiar *du*. She gave herself without reserve to her friends; on the other hand, she made no effort whatever to be agreeable to persons who did not appeal to her. I have never seen Annette Essipoff idle. When her hours of study were over, she busied herself with fancy work of a kind peculiarly her own. She composed her own sketches, executing them partly in embroidery, partly in painting. She loved to decorate porcelain; and here, also, she had her special style, very delicate and perfect in detail. She was full of delightful contrasts: an artist and a woman of the world; serious and witty; interested in science and devoted to childlike games. She was fond of entertaining, and, when at home, the villa on Karl Ludwig Strasse was always hospitably gay. She loved to see young people dance, and played dance music wonderfully. Her improvisations, alone or with Paderewski at another piano, were so beautiful that they made one wish not to dance at all, but rather to sit by and listen.

I remember a performance of Haydn's "Kinder Symphonie" arranged by Essipoff. She herself played a wooden clapper, I a pasteboard flute, Paderewski at the piano and one violin being the only serious instruments. Notwithstanding the peculiar combination, our audience was kind enough to enjoy the performance; we were even asked to repeat it some time later.

I once asked Essipoff how she managed to play with such tiny hands, and she answered that they served her perfectly, that larger would be cumbersome. Her hand was strong and nervous, but neither soft nor white, like so many aristocratic hands that have never done anything for humanity. Raised slightly above the keyboard prepared to grasp a chord, it strangely reminded me of an eagle's claw.

We can all testify to her phenomenally quick and retentive memory. On her concert tours she never carried a sheet of music with her. On one occasion she was to accompany Gregorowicz, who, as a child, spent a winter with the Lesche-

tizkys. At the last moment the piano part was nowhere to be found; but Annette, who in the previous year had casually accompanied the boy in this number (a Wienawski concerto), sat down and played it perfectly from memory.

Over and above all her mental gifts, she is a generous, frank, impulsive woman, one made, as it were, to radiate happiness. Nevertheless, her union with Leschetizky is only another proof that marriages between artists are seldom happy. In 1892 Leschetizky and Essipoff were divorced, the latter returning to St. Petersburg, where she busied herself with teaching and preparing herself for further concert tours.

In 1894 Leschetizky married my sister Eugénie (*née* de Benislawski).

CHAPTER XIII

Last meeting of Rubinstein and Leschetizky — Rubinstein's Cyclus at Vienna in 1894 — Leschetizky's views on life, art, and religion — His love for animals — Tschaikowsky and the white kitten — Minkus and Schütt — Carl Goldmark and the "Queen of Sheba."

WHEN Rubinstein gave his Cyclus at Vienna in 1894, a number of students had been unable to procure tickets, the house having been sold out long before the date of the concerts. Leschetizky was grieved that his pupils should be deprived of so great an opportunity, and mentioned the circumstance to Rubinstein, who generously offered to give a private concert for their benefit. The afternoon of the 15th of April was fixed upon, and elaborate preparations were made at the villa on Karl Ludwig Strasse. As I look back a charming picture presents itself: the large drawing-

room decorated with flowers, the grand piano covered with wreaths, the young people gaily dressed in light colors, carrying bouquets loosely tied with white ribbon, and filled with joyous eagerness to meet the hero of their chosen instrument. Mr. Albert Gutman, Rosenthal, Grünfeld, Schütt, and other artists, besides a few intimates, were also present. Rubinstein arrived promptly at twelve o'clock. Strange to relate, he seemed nervous, and retired to Theodore's private sitting-room to recover his equilibrium. Leaning back in an arm-chair, a cigarette in his mouth, the veteran virtuoso confided his feelings to his friend. "Do you know, my dear Theodore, I am quite anxious. This is not like an ordinary concert, where there is nothing to do but to go out and play for an audience. All these embryo artists are surer than I. There is no denying it: if my memory plays me false, I shall be unable to cover it up; and you know how many blunders I make even in my own compositions."

When Rubinstein stood on the threshold

of the drawing-room, the audience rose to greet him and a shower of flowers fell at his feet, so that a fragrant carpet was spread from the door to the piano. Perhaps this was done by preconcerted arrangement; nevertheless, I believe it was the spontaneous impulse of those young hearts. Touched by the unusual ovation, Rubinstein opened with an improvisation in his own leonine style. Then he began to play one piece after another as suggestions came from the listeners. Only one who has heard Rubinstein and can remember that velvet touch transforming the soulless piano into a thing of life, that wonderful sonority, that sorrow-burdened, heaven-soaring tone, that grandiose delivery which made technical faults themselves majestic, can form an idea of the effect produced on the impressionable young disciples of art sitting spellbound around him. Rubinstein was at his best, and what witchery in those short, heavy fingers, what strength in the massive, destiny-defying brow! When it was over, I think no one realized that two hours had gone by.

He was to leave Vienna in the evening, and a second ovation awaited him at the station. The enthusiastic audience had separated only on condition of meeting once more to do him honor. Leschetizky's parting with Rubinstein was made doubly sad by a presentiment, alas! too soon to have its fulfilment. They never met again. Rubinstein died in November of that year.

Leschetizky says that Rubinstein was the greatest pianist that ever lived. However numerous, at times, his technical inaccuracies, his impressiveness was never lessened. The intensity of his expression was greater than his own playing, if I may be allowed such a paradox; and above everything, he had, in Leschetizky's words, "a magic all his own, an art learned from no man."

Leschetizky has never been a great patriot: in him, cosmopolitanism has smothered the love of country. In general he has little good to say of Poles, maintaining that they are underhanded and ungrateful; indeed, without being able to advance

any plausible argument in support of his suspicions, he views all his countrymen with more or less distrust. He has become a Hungarian subject. In order to marry Essipoff he left the Catholic Church, because, by its laws, as a divorced man he was debarred from remarrying. Speaking of the most poetic of religions, he says: "It is the best suited to an artistic nature. Christ's majestic doctrine leads the soul into higher paths and ennobles it; but men with their finite reasoning, so weak compared with the greatness of truth, have marred the beauty of religion. I became a Protestant; but the dry forms and austere pedantry of this belief are antipathetic to me. Revolted by the puerilities of worship, but filled with adoration for the Creator and admiration for the creation, I am forced to a sort of natural religion.

"The Catholic Church has always been the best friend of the arts and sciences. She it was who inspired the great painters, developing idealism in art and ennobling the creations of their imagination.

"Seeking beauty more in the human form and less in the expression of the soul, sculpture has profited less than painting. To her pagan subjects have been more useful. As far as history and science are concerned, we owe much to monastic chronicles."

Leschetizky adds that music also owes her development in many ways to the protection and encouragement of the Catholic Church. Such is Leschetizky's religion.

His genius is not confined to music. Wide traveling and lifelong cosmopolitan associations have opened many avenues in his mind, and not only painting, of which he is a connoisseur, but poetry, history, and politics are to him as pregnant of meaning as the art to which he has devoted his best energies. The problems of the day touch him as closely as the details of his daily life. Liberal-minded, he judges every one on his own merits, while his essentially democratic spirit leads him to inveigh bitterly against the traditional injustice of despotism. A true friend, he can always be counted on, and his gener-

ous sympathy has led many a weary heart to confide in him. His purse opens readily in behalf of those of his gifted pupils whose personality appeals to him; and he comes to their assistance in the most unostentatious manner, often assuming part or even the whole of their expenses without revealing his identity as benefactor, and relieving their necessities with the greatest delicacy and thoughtfulness of detail. Nor is his willingness to furnish financial support limited to his own pupils. I have known him to pay tuition for a gifted young violinist and to offer to maintain a talented painter for two years in Munich. And whatever he does in this line costs him absolutely no effort; he does it all as he might offer a cigarette, only with infinitely greater pleasure to himself. And speaking of cigarettes reminds me of his delight in giving cigars or cigarettes to the Ischl peasants, who would never think of purchasing these luxuries for themselves, but who, nevertheless, enjoy smoking as much as any one else, and keenly appreciate the gift, perhaps

still more the courtesy of the giver. I have never heard Leschetizky speak harshly to his servants or to any one in a dependent position. At Ischl he is beloved by all the country people of the neighborhood, and by the children, whom repeated experience has taught to expect a yearly picnic at the Villa Piccola, where, under the eye of their white-haired friend, they dance and romp on the well-kept lawn, and enjoy a feast of chocolate, cake, and fancy gingerbread, remaining till evening and carrying a bright memory into their prosaic little lives!

Leschetizky is sensitive and easily offended at any fancied neglect of himself or his concerns. On the other hand, the slightest proof of affectionate interest touches him deeply.

He is a great lover of animals and interested in the subject of zoölogy. He owns the twelve volumes of Brehm's Natural History, and can often be found in his studio, seated in an arm-chair, absorbed in this fascinating work. I have already spoken of Ajax, the handsome Newfound-



The master and his dog Solo

land, his favorite companion in St. Petersburg. Ajax has had many successors down to the present incumbent, Solo, well known to the Leschetizky class, and often held up to its members as a model of intelligent docility.

His deep interest in dumb creatures is one of Leschetizky's conspicuous traits. At the post-office one day he noticed a monkey sent by mail, for some time unredeemed and quartered at the station where he was made much of by the employees, whom he entertained by his intelligence and pranks. The little animal was very much at home, and the post-office officials amused themselves sending him from one to another with a pencil or other small object, the sagacious quadruman always faithfully delivering it to the proper person. Theodore immediately desired to purchase him, but was told that he would be for sale only if unredeemed at the end of two weeks, when he would be sold to the first bidder. It is characteristic of Leschetizky that he went again and again to the post-office to see his pet,

and with the last day of the monkey's detention he was there ahead of the set time. Great was his disappointment at seeing the little animal in the arms of a man who proved to be the rightful owner. He was a dealer in small animals, who willingly parted with his monkey for twenty-five florins. Theodore was not to enjoy his new friend long. Consumption carried off the little creature; and though this death occurred seventeen years ago, my brother-in-law still speaks of it.

I have had occasion to observe a love for animals in other great men—among them Tschaikowsky, who, while we were still living in Moscow, was a frequent visitor of ours. Even as a wee girl I was fond of singing, and I let my voice out freely wherever I happened to be, quite regardless of visitors in the drawing-room. Chancing to hear me on the stairs one day, Tschaikowsky asked who it was; and so it happened that I was brought down and made to sing for the genial composer. I had heard my sister play some of his piano pieces which appealed to my imagination,

and he won my heart immediately by praising my singing, so that I took him up to my school-room to show him my treasures, chief of which was a white Angora with her kittens. Tschaikowsky made further strides in my esteem by confiding to me that he had an aviary containing many, many canaries, a hundred or more, I believe; and when he saw the furry babies, he expressed the wish to possess one. I had never parted from a kitten without tears, but I gave my prettiest to Tschaikowsky with pride and full confidence; and I can remember how tenderly he picked up the little thing and carried it off in the pocket of his overcoat, the tiny white head and astonished blue eyes peering out from the dark fur-lined opening. Rubinstein, also, was fond of cats; and as for Leschetizky, his sympathy for the animal kingdom extends to every living thing, even bats.

The hospitality of the Poles is proverbial, and Leschetizky is a good exponent of this most charming of our national traits. Every guest is made to feel per-

fectly welcome. Callers are frequently detained for dinner, and after the bi-monthly semi-public "class" from twenty to twenty-five persons are always expected to remain for supper. And it is a pleasant meal, for the master's brilliant wit, the presence of the earnest embryo artists, often of their already laurel crowned colleagues, not to speak of the good things for which the villa on Karl Ludwig Strasse is noted. Afterward, while the master and some older friends wander to the billiard-room, the younger guests flock into the large studio, where light music, national and popular songs of all countries, and dancing give the necessary relaxation to young nerves often on too severe a strain. Leschetizky has never lost the habits acquired in Russia, and his excellent constitution and vivacious temperament have no quarrel with gaieties prolonged far into the night.

Among Leschetizky's intimates, few are more thought of than the genial composer Minkus. He has rented the third floor of the villa on Karl Ludwig Strasse, and

takes his meals at my sister's table, where his fine wit and delicate tact are important elements of enjoyment for all. I have often been questioned by strangers concerning the distinguished-looking white-haired gentleman with the bright eyes shining through gold-rimmed spectacles, the scanty locks and beard of old-fashioned cut, who listens at the "class" meetings with the appreciation of a connoisseur. M. Minkus is very quiet in manner, and so retiring that few people think of him as the author of the exquisite ballet music which is so much in vogue, especially in Russia.

Then there is the sympathetic composer Schütt, whose playing and compositions have contributed largely to the pleasure of Vienna's musical public, and who understands so thoroughly the art of writing gracefully for the piano. Eulogy would be superfluous; his reputation is widespread; and I believe that I can safely say that he shares Poldini's laurels as the most popular writer of piano pieces of a style essentially modern but without the taint of degeneracy. Like Leschetizky's,

the Schütt compositions have, besides intrinsic value, the merit of being so pianistically constructed as to make their performance a grateful task for the pianist.

Schütt's constant good humor, his volatile temperament and absolute lack of the blasé quality, and his childlike enjoyment of a joke, make him an interesting and charming companion. Of a Hamburg family established in St. Petersburg, he received his musical education in Leipzig under Reinecke, and in Vienna under Leschetizky and Navratil. Theodore's daughter, Mme. Dolinin, whose success in voice-training is fully demonstrated in her husband and pupil Eugen Dolinin, so eminent in lyric opera, and the master's half-sisters Mmes. Demmel and Dunzendorff, are also often to be met with at his fireside. Another of Leschetizky's friends is Carl Goldmark; though we see little of him because of his love for Gmunden, where the poetic tranquillity of the surroundings and beauty of the lake have the attraction of inspiration for him. I have met him, however, a number of times in

Karl Ludwig Strasse, and have been impressed by the charming simplicity of his speech, his pleasing voice, the candor of his fine brown eyes, and that indescribable youth in his walk and manner which belies the stooped shoulders and white hair. One day he was telling Leschetizky an anecdote which indicates a modesty perhaps not often found in artists, but certainly conspicuous in him. In support of his theory that composers have many opportunities to reflect on their own real unimportance, Goldmark said: "When my opera the 'Queen of Sheba' had been given in Budapest with enormous success, I could not repress a certain feeling of vainglory—a lurking consciousness of being somebody. My friends saw me off at the station, and gave me quite an ovation. The large laurel wreaths I had received were carried in procession behind me, and the enthusiastic Hungarians followed crying hurrah! As I stepped into the compartment I noticed a young girl sitting near the opposite window. In the bottom of my heart I was glad that she

must be aware that her traveling-companion was a made-much-of man. As the train moved out I took note of her features, and, to my great satisfaction, discovered that she was very pretty and retiring. In order to open up conversation, I asked her permission to raise the window. She assented by an affirmative nod. I proceeded to inquire if a cigar would be annoying. Another nod—nothing more. Not to be frustrated in my design, I broached the fine-weather question—but with poor success. She looked straight before her without vouchsafing so much as a motion of her dainty head. My self-love was wounded, and seeing that she was determined not to speak, I resolved to be revenged and ceased looking at her. The train was speeding along. It was an express to Vienna. One station after another was left behind, and I settled back comfortably to the perusal of my paper. All of a sudden, after a stop, the young lady uttered a sharp cry and breathlessly asked if we were not leaving Marchegg! "Here 's my turn," thought I, and answered

by an affirmative nod. 'Dear me, dear me!' lamented the poor girl. 'I should have changed cars for Brünn; my parents are coming to meet me there'; and her eyes filled with tears, which of course went straight to my stony heart and changed it into a thing of wax. 'Come, come,' I began; 'we can telegraph your parents.' Then, souring a little at the recollection of her previous indifference, 'If you had been willing to talk to me, this would not have happened; I would have warned you of our arrival at Marchegg.' But seeing her lip tremble, I softened again. 'There is no need to worry. When we reach Vienna we can take a cab and drive to the other station, where you can get a train which will take you to Brünn in a little while.' At that moment I was again seized with a desire to reveal myself, so continued: 'And that you may know with whom you are dealing, allow me to present myself. I am Carl Goldmark, composer of the "Queen of Sheba."' The young lady rose, a charming smile chasing away her tears, and making a respectful curtsy,

she said, 'So, then, you have a place at court!' Her innocent answer showed me what small potatoes I am, after all. She had never heard of me or my opera, and, vaguely reminiscent of the scriptural queen, possibly believed her to be still traveling, taking me for a member of her suite. Now, whenever I feel vanity getting the upper hand, I recall the little incident."

CHAPTER XIV

Leschetizky's enthusiasm for the works of Beethoven Mendelssohn, and Chopin — He inclines to the modern school — How he first played "Cavalleria Rusticana" — Leschetizky's tenacious musical memory — His power of mimicry — The Leschetizky method of piano-playing — His idiosyncrasies as a teacher — Miecio Horszowski — Some of the most famous Leschetizky pupils — Paderewski's reception at Vienna in 1901 — His tribute to Leschetizky.

LESCHETIZKY is averse to playing when invited to the houses of friends; but at home or when he visits me he is very amiable, playing even for dancing, improvising slow, languorous waltzes, merging them suddenly into a fiery, passionate movement or a delightful joke, appreciated by all; for the eloquent face expresses as much as the characteristic playing. He loves cards and billiards, and in these favorite recreations finds complete relaxation.

He composes chiefly at Ischl, and in

listening to his rendering of his compositions I have often wondered at the beautiful, smooth technique, unaccountable in one who never practises. In latter years he seems to have changed his style. Always rich in melody and spontaneous harmony, he has lately devoted more attention to characteristic counterpoint. He is a devout admirer of the classics. I have heard him grow enthusiastic over compositions by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, as though he were only just becoming acquainted with them. He believes that the study of the older school is the foundation of musicianship in piano-playing; but he is not what might perhaps be termed an ingrained classicist, whose sympathies can not extend to contemporary composers. In fact, I may say that he inclines toward the modern school—but modern only in so far as beautiful and free from the degeneracy which has spread its contagion so wide and, as he says, so deeply taints the work of writers who, without talent, probably hope to impress by the mere force of ugliness.

"How disastrous for art! How dare they?" roars the master; and he claws his beard in indignation at the perusal of many new manuscripts imposed on his good nature by youthful writers.

As for new works of real merit, he hails them with eager interest. When Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" made its appearance he was most anxious to become acquainted with it, and he and Schütt sent to Milan for the score. It was to arrive on a certain day, and in the evening Theodore hastened into the city to see if it had come. The music was sent up to the Hotel Elizabeth, where Leschetizky and Schütt were taking supper. It came rather late; and as after ten o'clock piano-playing is forbidden in Vienna, the two friends, whose impatience could not contemplate waiting until morning, hastily called a cab and drove out to the villa in Währing, where they sat up all night studying the work. It was due to Leschetizky's activity that it was put on at the Vienna Opera during the course of that same year, and performed under

the composer's direction, amid great enthusiasm.

Of Leschetizky's tenacious musical memory much might be said. As an illustration: When Rubinstein's now celebrated B flat Trio first made its appearance, Theodore, impressed by the beauty of his friend's work, immediately learned it and played it publicly in St. Petersburg with Wienawski and Davidoff. Some fifteen years later, without preliminary restudying, he gave it in Vienna with Eugene Ysaye and the cellist Hekking; and twenty years after that, without rehearsal, without even looking over the notes, he performed it with Hekking and the promising young violinist Wittenberg, the passages coming to his fingers as though he had had them in practice for weeks.

During the carnival Leschetizky loves to take his wife to banquets and balls, especially mask-balls, of which he is very fond; for he is old only in years, as his bright eyes, elastic gait, and sunny smile attest. His head is a little bowed, but his shoulders are strangely young. I have

known him for nineteen years, and have noticed no change in him. He has enemies; but I believe that every one meeting him succumbs to his charm, especially those who are previously prejudiced against him. He has a surprising talent for mimicry. I have seen him personate a Polish Jew, assuming the facial characteristics with such perfection that I myself spent some time in conversation with him before discovering the travesty.

Speaking of his personal traits, I must mention a little weakness of his—an inordinate attachment for certain inanimate objects: a pencil which he insists brings him ideas and which he will not allow any one else to use; certain articles of wearing apparel which he cannot be prevailed upon to relinquish even when worn to shabbiness. And to his personal opinion he holds, against all conviction, with a tenacity really unworthy of his own broadmindedness. Notwithstanding his vanity, it is difficult to make Leschetizky talk about himself, as I found to my cost at the time I was collecting material for these

memoirs; for it was sometimes only after hours of effort, and often far into the night, before I succeeded in putting him in a retrospective mood. It must be conceded that in this respect he differs from most men who have enjoyed the favors of celebrity.

A great part of what has been said and written about the so-called Leschetizky method has been without his consent or approval. Speaking of the method himself, he says: "It can easily be described in half a page, but it would take volumes to give any idea of it." As far as the position of the hand is concerned, it offers nothing strikingly different from the common practice of modern virtuosi—a rather low, pliable wrist, high knuckles, curved fingers with firm tips, light thumb, and accurate preparation in advance of all single tones, octaves, chords, etc. The peculiar excellence of his teaching consists, I believe, in the absolute obedience, the concentration of mind and purpose not only demanded but actually obtained from every pupil, the minute attention to de-

tail and the patient reiteration of suggestion. The assistants, at present four in number, prepare the ground, and the master's lesson is valuable chiefly, perhaps, because he devotes his energy to each accepted pupil during his allotted time as though he were alone in the class. No one can in justice rank him with those who, viewing the lesson from a commercial rather than from an artistic or philanthropic standpoint, too indolent to exact from each pupil his best, allow mistakes to go by uncorrected and dismiss the offender with a smile. And further, his strength lies in his careful study of, and respect for, each individuality, in his intuitive knowledge of every student's faults, and in his unerring hand in the application of proper remedies. A certain despotism, an irritability at times finding vent in cutting sarcasm, is not without value. To be entirely candid, I must admit that my brother-in-law is not always impartial, and that when he conceives an aversion he will do or say anything to justify it. Certain personalities

affect him pleasantly, others unpleasantly, and in the latter case master and pupil are both victims. On the other hand, his methods find their justification in the necessity, or at least expediency, of trying the pupil's metal; for, as he has said, "If they cannot bear with me, how will they face the world?" And as the striking of steel on stone brings forth the spark, so his apparently unmitigated severity often peremptorily calls forth what might otherwise remain latent forever. Leschetizky's kindness never degenerates; he encourages no false hopes; his dearly bought approbation is always sincere. He recognizes and acknowledges the good in each pupil, endeavors to develop it and point out its proper sphere of action; but, believing that an important element of strength lies in self-knowledge, he does not shrink from the duty of mercilessly revealing to each his limitations.

Leschetizky's is primarily a school of virtuosity; brilliancy, velocity, authoritative rhythms, and all specially pianistic effects are chiefly insisted upon. He once

remarked to me that the pianist's art is akin to the actor's: the piano should be used declamatorily; the pianist must speak.

He generally gives but three lessons a day; and though he begins shortly after noon, the four-o'clock dinner-hour usually finds him still teaching. Any invisible eavesdropper is forced to smothered laughter at Herr Professor's sallies, often of too personal and stinging a nature to amuse the victim, but always to the point and full of wit. And it is interesting to follow the apt comparisons, the plastic explanations and the exciting little drama enacted in the studio—the lightning-flashes, the often hasty retreat of the unfortunate pupil, the thundering rage of the old man, so quickly soothed, and so prompt to regret his harshness, which he often expiates by a sleepless night of remorse. The pupils' waiting-room, its walls decorated with autographs and pictures of famous artists and other great personages of the century, is suggestively called the Chamber of Tortures. There the pupils

gather and discuss their experiences with the master, often, I fear, to their own destruction; for a morbidly exaggerated account of studio scenes is not an efficacious nerve steadier or a good preparation for an acknowledgedly severe ordeal.

Leschetizky rises late, and, when he has breakfasted, usually asks what pupils are coming that day. It is always easy to read on his face just how he feels toward those expected. Sometimes, for personal reasons or on account of recent bad lessons, he is so averse to seeing certain students that my sister, who attends to all details of the school, is obliged to replace the disgraced ones by others from the always long waiting list. And here I must remark that my sister's rôle in the school is a very important one and involves many and divers duties. How often has she been both confidant and go-between! And those no longer in favor depend upon her protection and believe that through her only they may obtain another trial. Her uniformly kind reception of despairing pupils and her gentle "Well, what is it?" are in



Mme. Leschetizky.

themselves sufficient to rekindle hope. Then she has an interview with the outraged master, and, immediately after, a little note of advice and encouragement is sent to the delinquent anxiously awaiting his fate in the often dreary surroundings of his student room.

The Leschetizky "class," I am told, has acquired a name in pianistic circles of both hemispheres. It is a meeting of the school to which a number of intimate friends and any artists passing through Vienna are invited. The class meeting is eagerly looked forward to, especially by those who are to make up the audience. As for the prospective performers themselves, their pleasant anticipations are fraught with a certain nervous apprehension; for the master's moods are variable and not to be relied upon.

Nor are these secret misgivings without warrant in painful precedents, when were enacted scenes to which no one could remain stolidly indifferent, but which fortunately have their redeeming counterpart in other classes, that must, I

think, remain cherished memories for all. I have assisted at many of these meetings, and have enjoyed the playing of virtuosi from the school, who after touring in foreign lands, still esteem it a privilege to appear at the class, of other artists linked to the master by the ties of friendship only, and also the often charming performances of the "little ones" of the school. Three of these, no longer little ones, are already far along on the road to fame. There is a fourth, still almost a baby, who holds the palm among his classmates, and all unite in predicting great things for him. A distinguished German critic has termed him the Mozart of the day. The future will show. At present he is a *Wunderkind* of high order. Miecio Horszowski's playing and compositions have already excited the most favorable criticism, not only in Vienna but in other cities of Austria and Germany. It is wonderful to see the chubby hands do so easily what his older companions must work hard to attain, but still more wonderful to note the matured conception and finished performance; and one must look hard at the tiny figure with

the blond locks shading the earnest little face to keep before one the fact that a child is doing it all, and not an elfin child, but a normal, healthy little boy who enjoys nature as he does his books, his games as he does his music.

As I have intimated, the classes are semi-public lessons. At one of these events during the winter of 1902 I noticed a stately lady among the guests, a handsome face crowned by a mass of gray hair. She was leading a little girl by the hand. Her meeting with the master recalled mutual tender souvenirs. They had not seen each another since 1852. The old lady is the original of the sweet portrait seen on the walls of the Villa Piccola, the "ravishing Flora S——." She was bringing her granddaughter to place her under Leschetizky's instruction.

Leschetizky so enters into everything his pupils play that he cannot endure the strain of attending a concert in which they take part, but remains at home, sending his wife, who must faithfully report every detail of the performance.

I believe it is hardly necessary to state

that he has had as pupils the most distinguished talent from all parts of the world. Many have become celebrated pedagogues in different countries, and only to mention the names of Essipoff, Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, Stepanoff, Wienkowska, Hopekirke, Sieveking, Schütt, Paderewski, Slivinski, and the three rising stars Gabrilowitsch, Hambourg, and Schnabl is sufficient testimony that he has formed virtuosi. The eminent *Vorbereiter* Mme. Malwine Brée and the Fräulein Valle Hanson, Prentner, and Jahn have attained a more than national reputation; and I may say that the Leschetizky school, grouping around its venerable head, is a matter of interest to the entire pianistic world. A beautiful spirit of comradery animates the higher ranks of the master's pupils of all nationalities, those already advanced on the highway of celebrity demonstrating an interest in their younger and promising brethren, these looking up to their seniors with pride in their achievements, confidence in their advice.

Leschetizky loves his school, and during

the vacations he misses the lessons sadly. As long as a pupil remains under his influence he exerts it for the good of his general development, suggesting educational plans to his parents, and in every way in his power fostering the growth of budding talent. He delights in the visits of former pupils, inquires affectionately as to their present success and future prospects, lavishly giving them of his time and counsel.

And long years of activity have not diminished his vigor. Leschetizky is still a source of inspiration, a center of enthusiasm, radiating to all parts of the musical world.

About the middle of November, 1901, Paderewski, who since his student days had not been heard in Vienna, gave two concerts in the imperial city. The oldest music-lovers maintain that not even Liszt in the zenith of his powers excited more enthusiasm. It was naturally very gratifying to Leschetizky to note the tremendous impression made by one of his pupils, and in expressing his satisfaction he re-

marked that he was most happy to see that, with the natural development of a strongly marked artistic individuality, Paderewski still remained true to the principles of the Leschetizky method, and that he avoided degenerate eccentricity and those pianistic mannerisms that serve only to distract attention from the music to the performer. The next day Paderewski and Mme. Paderewska dined with us at the Leschetizkys'. After dinner Paderewski rose and made a happy little speech, concluding with: "My dear master, yesterday was a proud day in my life. I would willingly give all my other successes for that one word of commendation from you. Thank you once again for all you have done for me. Thank you a thousand times." It was a touching scene as Leschetizky with his sparkling eyes and snow-white hair beamed a benediction on Paderewski, the hero of the hour, the great traveler come back to us after numberless conquests in foreign lands to lay his laurels at his master's feet.

After dinner little Horszowski, whom I

have already alluded to, came in, for Paderewski had expressed a desire to hear the wonderful child. With characteristic gentle confidence, so far removed from conceit, Miecio sat down to the piano and played a number of pieces, some of them original compositions, preluding like a small virtuoso, and taking by storm the heart of the older artist, who caught him in his arms and hailed him as one destined to shine among the great ones of our glorious Poland.

